★ May 22, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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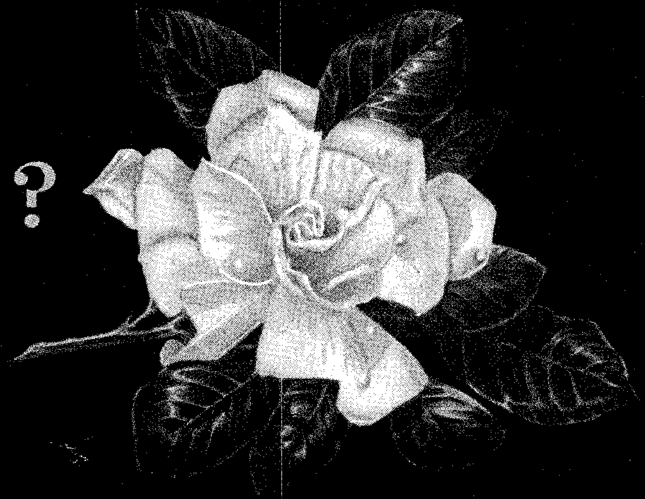

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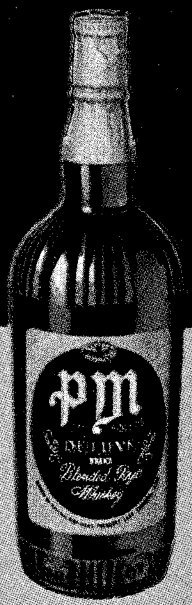

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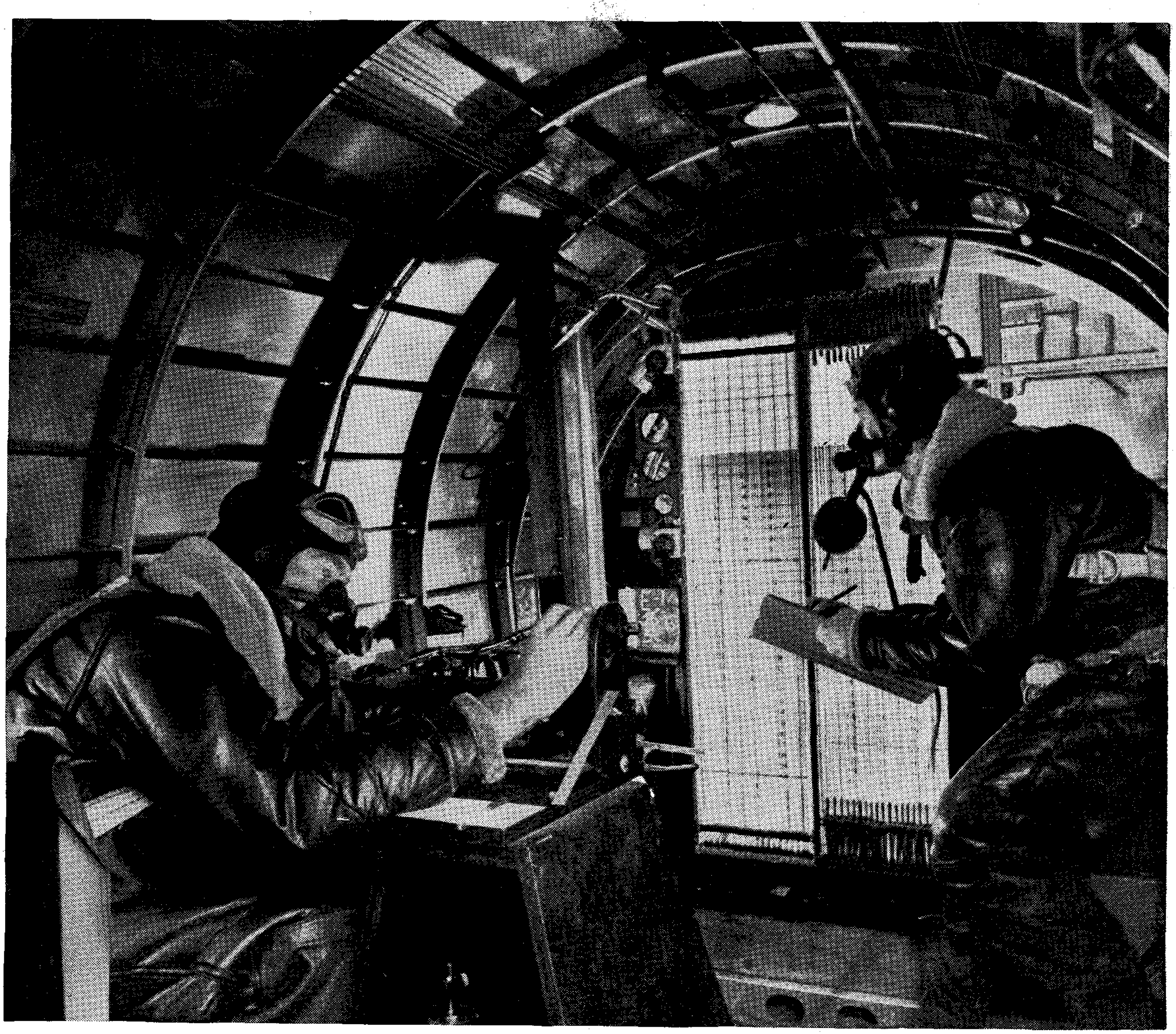

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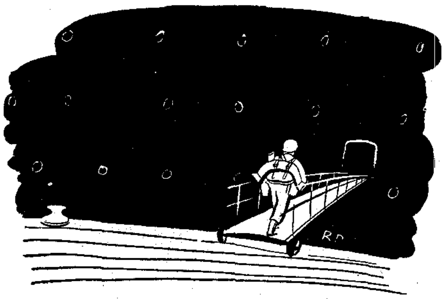
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 29.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore back in her last year's triumph about the education of a Welsh coal miner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Counselor-at-Law—*Paul Muni in a revival of* Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the excitement. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but, unfortunately, a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are excellent as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast that includes Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, Cecil Humphreys, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., May 21, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI *6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40.* Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sons and Soldiers—Geraldine Fitzgerald as a woman who decides to have children both against her doctor's advice and her own better judgment. Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, and Stella Adler are in the cast of Irwin Shaw's rather disappointing play. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober though somewhat elementary attempt to deal with the problem of how the children of Nazi Germany are to be reëducated. Skippy Homeier is remarkable as the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Closes Sat., May 29.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and the cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman *singing Cole* Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Paula Laurence. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic *burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with* Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast, including Arthur Treacher and Ilona Massey, through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Snow Maiden," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., May 20; "Chopin Concerto," "The Nutcracker," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve. and Sat. Aft., May 21-22; "The Magic Swan," "Rodeo" (with Agnes de Mille), and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Eve., May 22; "Snow Maiden," "Rodeo" (with Agnes de Mille), and "Scheherazade," Sun. Eve., May 23; "Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Beau Danube," Mon. Eve., May 24; "Snow Maiden," "Igroushki," "Scheherazade," and "Prince Igor," Tues. Eve., May 25; "The Nutcracker," "Igroushki," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Wed. Eve., May 26; "Copellia," "Rodeo," and "Prince Igor," Thurs. Eve., May 27; "Chopin Concerto," "Scheherazade," and "Le Beau Danube," Fri. Eve., May 28; "Copellia," "Rodeo," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., May 29; "Snow Maiden," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Eve., May 29. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ballet Theatre—"Romeo and Juliet," "The Wanderer" (with Zorina), and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Fri. Eve., May 21; "Billy the Kid," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Petrouchka," Sat. Aft., May 22; "Princess Aurora," "Pillar of Fire," "Bolero" (with Argentinita), and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., May 22; "Peter and the Wolf," "Aleko," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sun. Aft., May 23; "Romeo and Juliet," "The Wanderer," "Bolero" (with Argentinita), and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., May 23. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room, where you will find an ice show headed by Hazel Franklin, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra, will close for the season on Wed., May 26.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—There's Jimmy Savo with his mimicry, as well as music by Mildred Bailey, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat, with a fairly elaborate show; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra supplies the dance music in this decorative spot. There's also a small show.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, as well as some other entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob

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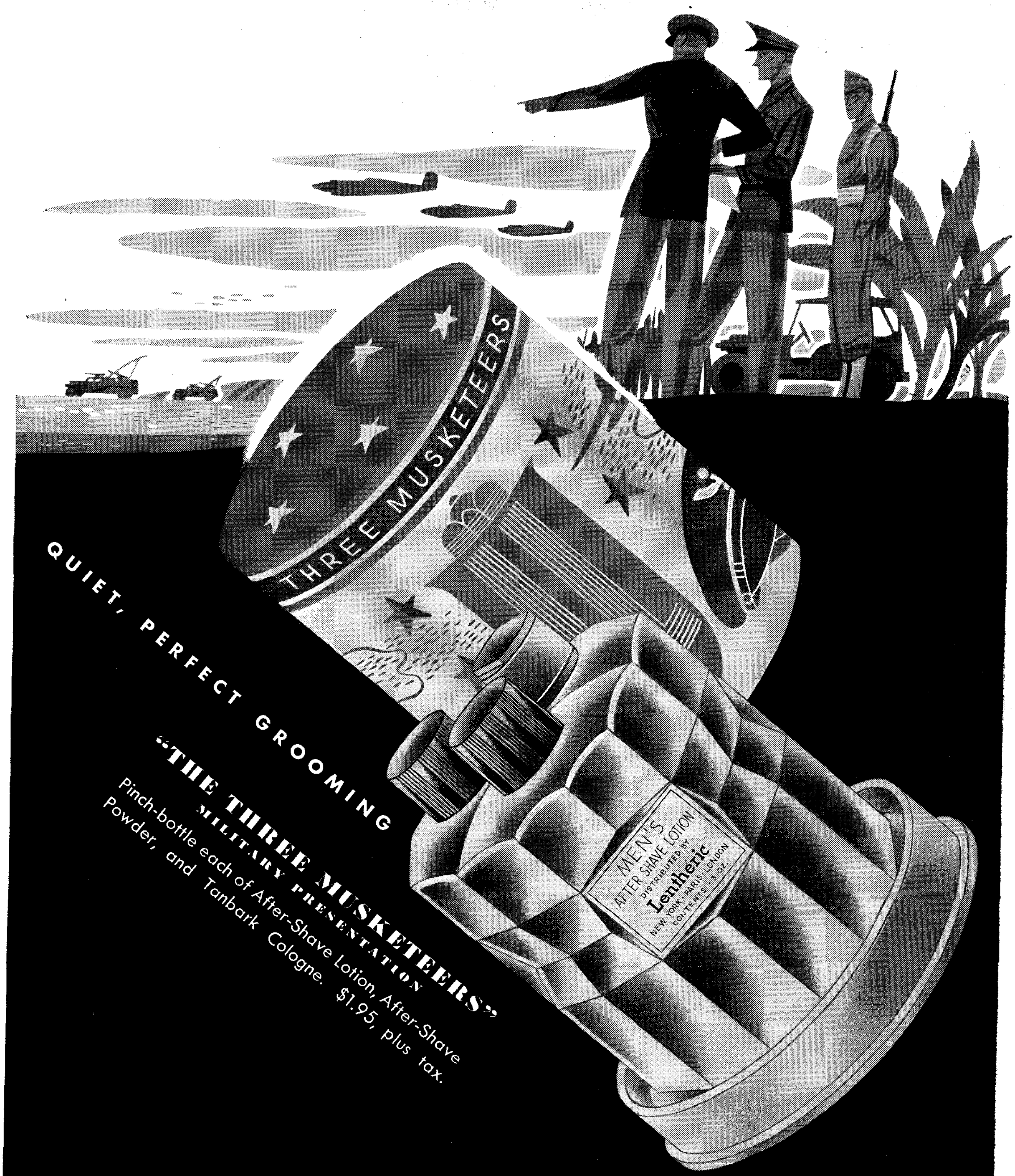
For men of action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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 29.

Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra plays in this gay and summery room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Russ Smith's and Joseph C. Smith's orchestras are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has music by Xavier Cugat's orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Tito Guizar. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Claude Alphand and the Revuers are among those who keep things going in this attractive spot. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, with songs by Maggi McNellis and music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not-too-large show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show; Roy Fox's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra will be replaced by Charlie Spivak's on Mon., May 24. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's also a show. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): this club, where you will find Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy, will close for a spell on Sun., May 23, while Billy Rose gets a new show ready. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with Carmen Amaya and others; Machito's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins' orchestra.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

African Sculpture—A loan show of primitive figures: Fighting French Relief Committee Shop, 2 W. 57. *Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 5.*

American Landscapes—Paintings in this field from 1750 to the present: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 27.

Carol Blanchard—*Imaginative oils in her first New York showing:* Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 5.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—The Museum's twelfth *biennial water-color exhibition* (through Sun., May 23); also, landscapes by printmakers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries (through July 5). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Alexander Calder and Yves Tanguy—Wood-and-wire sculptures by the first, and recent oils by the second: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; *through June 5.*

Julio de Diego—A Spanish-born artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

Max Ernst—Recent drawings and collages; also, ceramics by Catherine Yarrow: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 28.

Europeans—A new gallery opens *with paintings of* women by André Derain, Moïse Kisling, Marcel Vertès, and others: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 5.

Groups—At the **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: *oils by* Jon Corbino, Eugene Higgins, Louis Bosa, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: four Americans, George Constant, Joseph Foshko, Orenzo Gasparo, and James Lechay, show their recent oils. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: water colors by Mary Drake Coles and Chris Ritter and oils by Leonard Pytlak. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve. 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., May 27. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31. . . . **MORTON,** 130 W. 57: Robert Blair, James Brockway, Gregory Ivy, and others in this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 2.

Childe Hassam—Water colors and oils by this American Impressionist: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

Stanley William Hayter—Recent drawings, prints, and engraved plasters: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

Jacob Lawrence—A series of gouaches of Harlem life: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Reginald Marsh—Paintings by a New York artist in his first show in two years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30); also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union (through August 28). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Henry Moore—One sculpture and some drawings and water colors by this English artist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

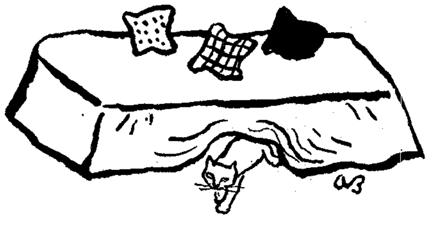
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of *Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and* sculptures (through June 6); also, a group of paintings, inspired by works in the Museum, by high-school students (through June 20). Weekdays *12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.*

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; *through June 7.*

Old and Modern Masters—Over a hundred portraits by artists from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, shown with modern headdresses *suggested by the paintings; a benefit for the New* York Infirmary for Women and Children: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Abraham Rattner—*Recent paintings by this colorist:* Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Russian Art—A loan exhibition of paintings, icons, and other works from 1500 to the present; a benefit for Russian War Relief: Gould House, 579 5 Ave., at 47. Thurs., 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Mon., May 24.



Young Americans—Abstract works by painters and sculptors under thirty-five: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 26.

Ossip Zadkine—Recent abstract sculptures: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

Here and There—At the **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: paintings by Boris Margo. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: one-man show of recent primitive paintings by Josephine Joy. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: landscapes and figure paintings by Rudolf Jacobi. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: figure and flower paintings and drawings by Helen Ratkai. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: recent color prints by some young Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 26. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: twenty-six recent oils, mostly landscapes, by Eugen Ludins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12: first showing in America of paintings by Enrico Donati. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2. . . . **BONESTELL,** 18 E. 57: Western landscapes by Erna Schwadron. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: carvings of animals, people, and insects by Cleo Hartwig. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 26. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: small sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 4.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will open on Fri., May 21, and continue daily through Sun., June 6, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; *for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)*

Polish Concert—Wanda Landowska, Bronislaw Huberman, and the Schola Cantorum in a program marking the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Copernicus: Carnegie Hall, Mon., May 24, at 8:30 P.M.

Columbus Boy Choir—Herbert Huffman conducting: Town Hall, Mon., May 24, at 8:30 P.M.

Recitals—Albert Spalding; a benefit for the Bronx House Music School: Town Hall (for tickets, call JE 6-1800), Tues., May 25, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Robert and Gaby Casadesus; a benefit for Russian War Relief: Carnegie Hall, Wed., May 26, at 8:30 P.M.

New York Chamber Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting; soloist, Rosalyn Tureck: Town Hall, Fri., May 28, at 8:45 P.M.

OPERA

San Carlo Opera Company—"Aïda," Wed. Eve., May 26; "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., May 27; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., May 28; "Faust," Sat. Aft., May 29; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 29. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Moves on Mon., May 24, to the Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., May 20, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri., May 21, at 3 P.M., Sat., May 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 23 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Wed. through Fri., May 26-28, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat., May 29, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thurs., May 20, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Fri., May 21, at 3 P.M., Sat., May 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 23 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, lightweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., May 21. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park at 1:30 P.M.; through June 5. (The Juvenile and the Withers, Sat., May 22; Coaching Club American Oaks, Wed., May 26; the Roseben, Sat., May 29.)

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through

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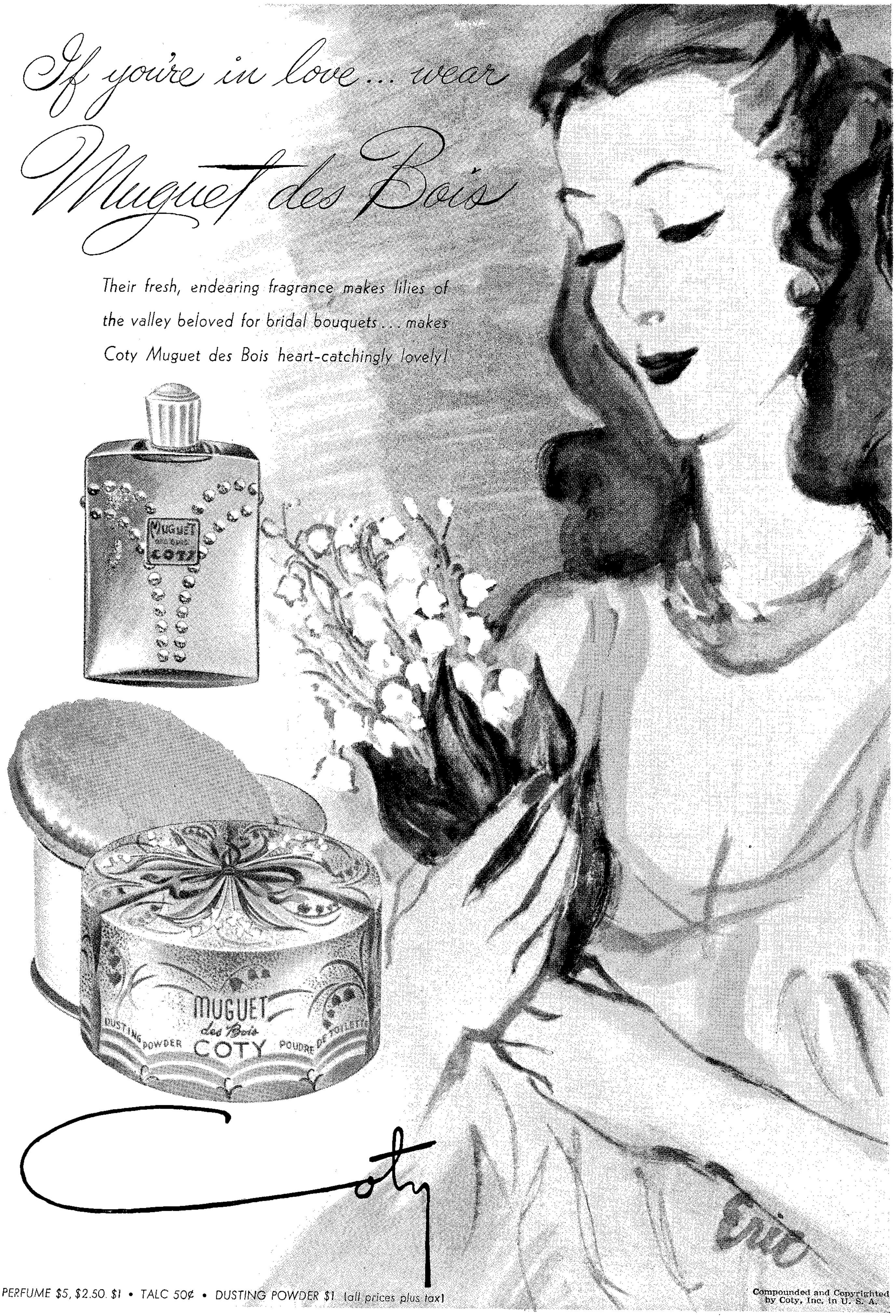
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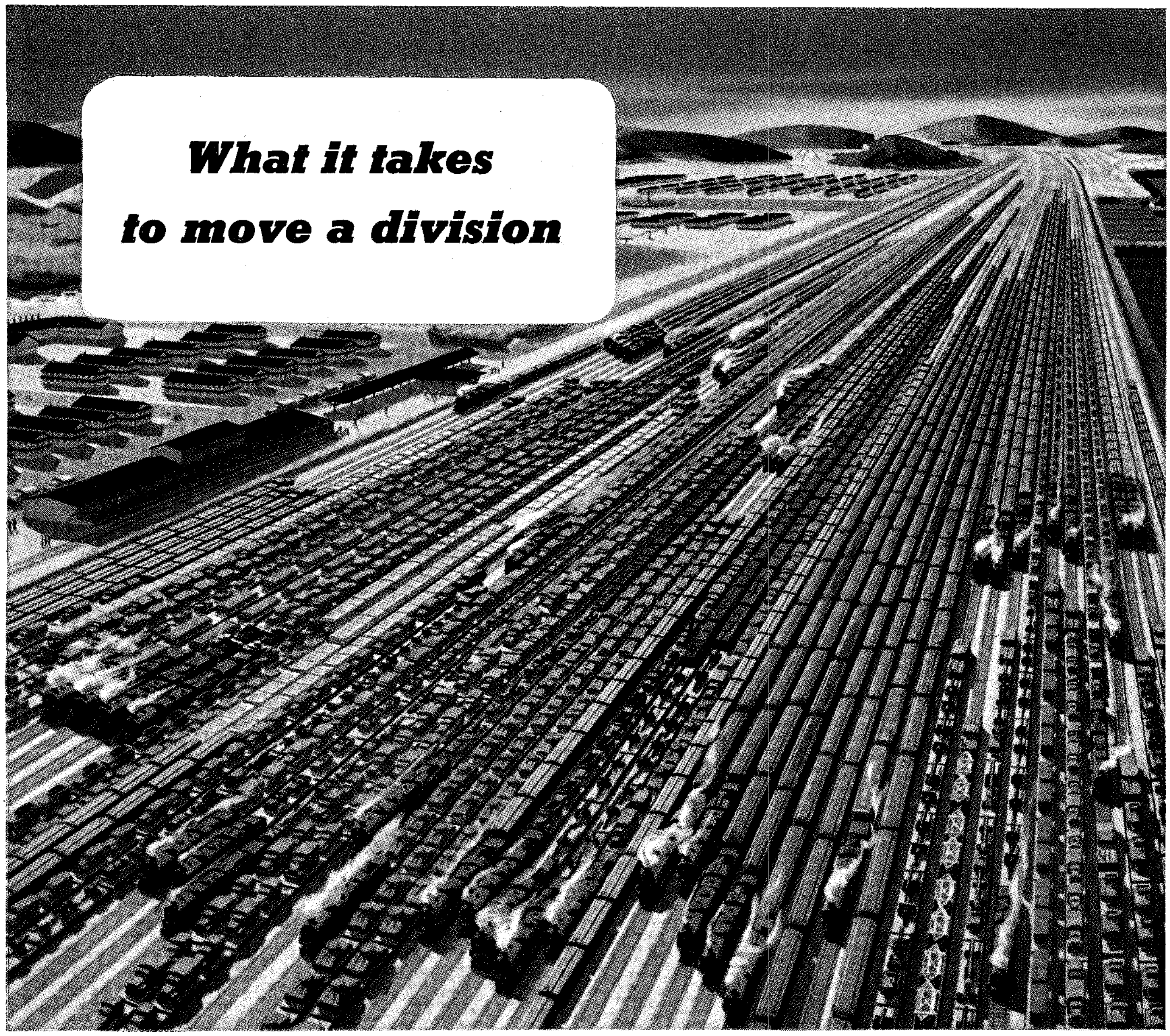
What it takes to move a division



If, like the eagle, you could look down on the amount of railroad equipment it takes to move a single armored division, here is what you would see . . . *75 trains!*

Many passenger trains, many freight trains—all required to move just *one* division. For a division takes all its equipment with it—tanks, jeeps, armored cars, supply trucks, tractors, anti-aircraft guns, many things. And its men, numbering about 12,000, need berths in which to sleep!

What's more, when this division moves by rail, it moves as a unit—that is, trains following one another a few minutes apart.

Now, in terms of trains, those 75 *taken out* of civilian service and *put into military service,* are *about equal to* the number of passenger trains running daily over the Pennsylvania Railroad between *two of the busiest places on the face of the globe*—New York and Washington.

Multiply this one division by the many moving in this country and you can understand why . . . you may have difficulty getting a berth . . . or be obliged to stand in a coach . . . or arrive at your destination late. In fact, demand for equipment is now so great that on arriving at terminals cars must be put right back into service, so you may find them not quite so spic and span as we would like. Housekeeping facilities are adequate but there's not always time.

But Americans are taking all this like good soldiers. For they know this is a war of movement, and that movement begins right here—*in America, on the rails.*

★ *26,611 in the Armed Forces*
✯ *21 have given their lives for their country*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM
THURSDAY, MAY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 29.

June 30. . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the second of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one showing what America would be like under Axis domination. Daily 9 A.M. to dusk; through July 4. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Garden Exhibitions—The annual City Gardens Club tour; a benefit for United China Relief and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York: Thurs., May 20, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets and the itinerary, call PL 8-2695.)

Benefit—A dance, as well as entertainment by the People's Chorus of New York, for the benefit of the American Flying Services Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs., May 20, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call CO 5-4036.)

On the Air—"This Is Official," the first of a new series of government broadcasts, this one with Prentiss Brown, Chester Davis, and Paul V. McNutt, Sun., May 23, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 23, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, Fri., May 21, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: from Belmont Park, the Withers, Sat., May 22; the Roseben, Sat., May 29; at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Soutine, Utrillo, Zadkine, and other moderns, French and English eighteenth-century furniture, and Oriental rugs, owned by A. Hourvitch, James Carstairs, and others: Sat., May 22, at 2 P.M. . . . The Alexander Biddle collection of historical American autograph letters: Mon. and Tues., May 24-25, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Paintings by such artists as Inness, Corot, Raeburn, and Goya, from the collections of the late Harold Somers, Louis V. Aronson, and others: Wed., May 26, at 8 P.M.

Note—A permanent display of nineteenth-century dolls, doll houses, mechanical banks, and many other toys, exhibited in a reconstructed shop of the period, has recently been opened at the Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Air Force—Fine, unglamorous story of an American bomber's crew in the Pacific. John Garfield is one of the few members of the cast you've heard of. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., May 24. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., May 26.)

Edge of Darkness—Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, and other citizens of a Norwegian town make life hell for the Germans but fairly enjoyable for the audience. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., May 20.)

The Human Comedy—A screen play by Saroyan, based on the usual rosy Saroyan point of view but also pleasantly fresh. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and a small boy named Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Keeper of the Flame—Thoughtful and exciting film concerning concealed Fascism in America, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., May 22. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., May 24.)

Mission to Moscow—The subject of quite a hubbub, partly because it's sometimes excellent and sometimes pretty bad. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka have the main jobs in bringing to life the international figures in Ambassador Davies' book. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The More the Merrier—A funny, if not exactly definitive, treatment of the Washington housing problem, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Ox-Bow Incident—Lynching is faithfully represented as being a nasty business. Henry Fonda heads the cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; tentative, through Mon., May 24.)

Shadow of a Doubt—The troubles of a girl whose uncle is up to something fishy. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., May 23.)

The Young Mr. Pitt—England under Pitt the Younger, with some splendid rhetoric by Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., May 22-24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Thurs., May 24-27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., May 25-27.)

REVIVALS

Arise, My Love (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the early days of the war. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 25-27.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. With Mia Slavenska. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., May 22-23.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 21.)

The Girl in the News (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., May 21-24.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—The John P. Marquand novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 26-27.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 25-27.)

I Love You Again (1940)—William Powell with amnesia and Myrna Loy. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 25-26.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 25-26.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., May 20.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' stylistic and stylish treatment of the novel by Tarkington. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 20.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., May 26-27.)

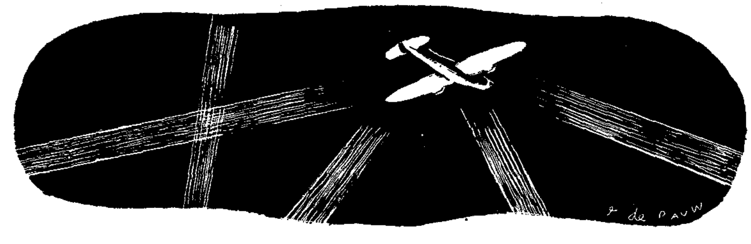
Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Art, 36 E. 8; tentative, Tues. through Thurs., May 25-27.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., May 24-26.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., May 21.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Art, 36 E. 8, tentative; and Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., May 21-24. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., May 24-27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS. AND FRI., MAY 20-21: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938) in Russian, directed by Eisenstein. SAT. AND SUN., MAY 22-23: "Harvest" (1939), in French. MON. AND TUES., MAY 24-25: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), with Edward G. Robinson. WED. AND THURS., MAY 26-27: "Double Crime in the Maginot Line" (1939), in French.



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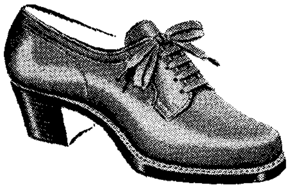

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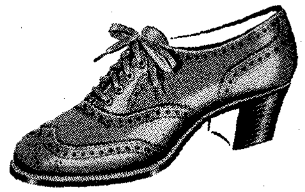

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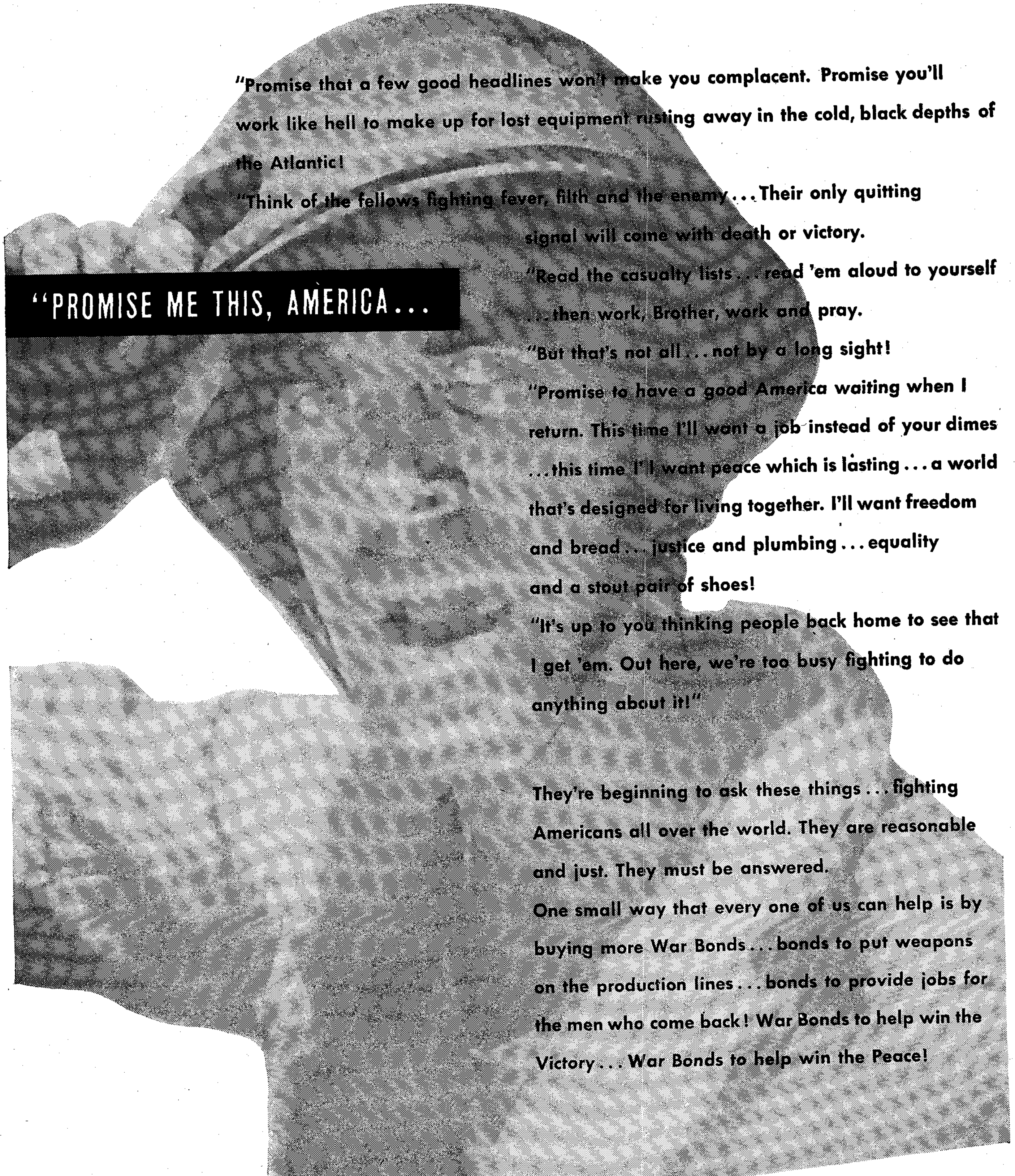

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"Read the casualty lists... read 'em aloud to yourself ... then work, Brother, work and pray.

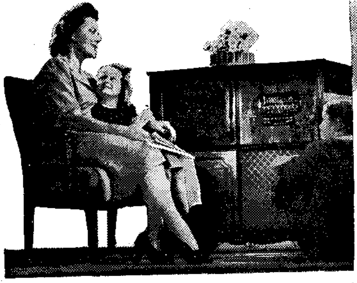
"But that's not all... not by a long sight!

"Promise to have a good America waiting when I return. This time I'll want a job instead of your dimes ... this time I'll want peace which is lasting ... a world that's designed for living together. I'll want freedom and bread... justice and plumbing... equality and a stout pair of shoes!

"It's up to you thinking people back home to see that I get 'em. Out here, we're too busy fighting to do anything about it!"

They're beginning to ask these things ... fighting Americans all over the world. They are reasonable and just. They must be answered.

One small way that every one of us can help is by buying more War Bonds... bonds to put weapons on the production lines... bonds to provide jobs for the men who come back! War Bonds to help win the Victory... War Bonds to help win the Peace!



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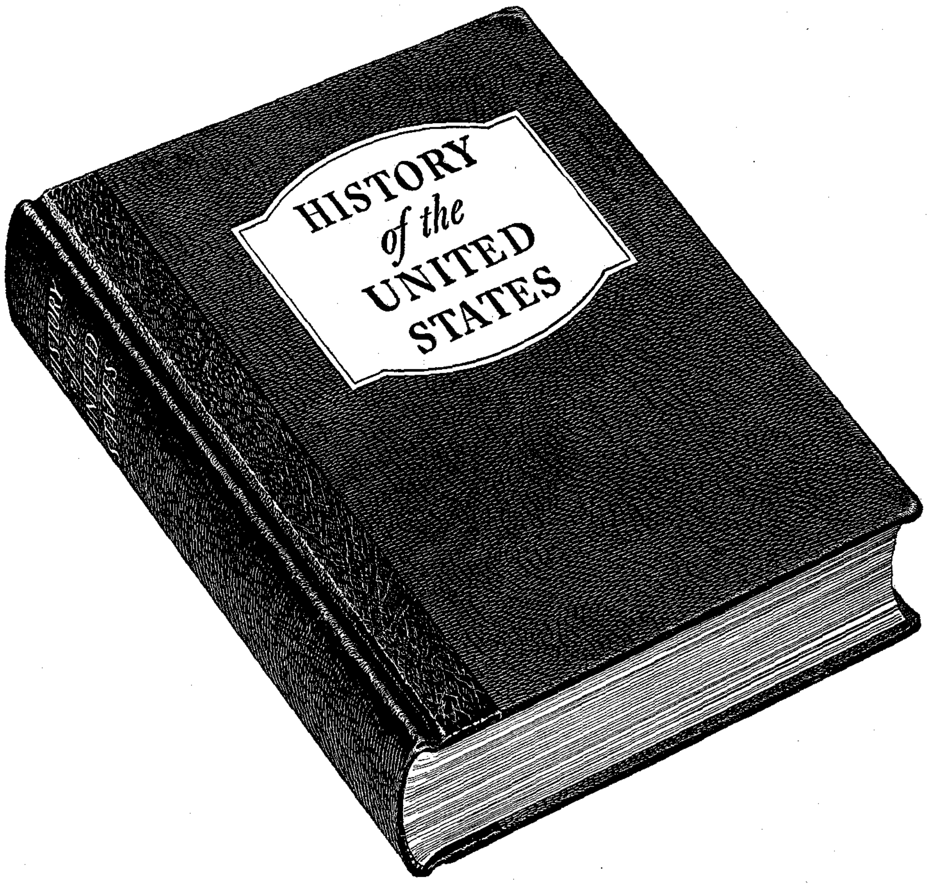
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THE NEW YORKER

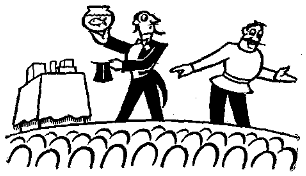
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE press thought it merely cute when a desperate Jersey housewife, advertising for a maid, offered, in addition to the usual wages and prerogatives, the use of her mink coat on days off. Actually, this was a turning point in our economic history: a housewife's realization that the monetary system is inadequate. This conviction will soon enter every other home in the United States, by the kitchen door. We all know how eager women are to exchange household hints: a pinch of baking soda boiled with the peas keeps them green, salt will take wine stains out of tablecloths, a modified form of barter will keep the girl happy. We all know, too, that what one maid gets they all want. The mink coat will in no time become a privilege as inviolable as Thursday afternoon. Next, maid and mistress will discover the need for small change in this transaction. Let us say that October is unseasonably warm, so warm that it's out of the question for Hulda to wear the mink. Hulda points out that through no fault of her own she's being cheated of some of her recompense. The mistress, after a hopeless attempt to point out that it isn't *her* fault, either, is forced to compute, in terms of household service and wearing apparel, the equivalent of the loan of a mink coat for an afternoon. They wind up agreeing that Hulda is to wear the mistress's light tweed coat and need not do next Sunday's breakfast. However, unexpected weekend guests arrive, and in return for Hulda's consenting to do Sunday breakfast, she is promised the mink for next Thursday *and* Sunday. Thursday Hulda has a headache and stays in her room all afternoon. She now gets the mink Sunday and permission to stay Sunday night with her sister in Staten Island. And so on. In the end it will be necessary to resurrect Howard Scott and have him work out the whole employer-employee relation in ergs.

A MYSTERIOUS item in the papers reveals that Mrs. Henry P. Davison recently refused the designation of "New York State Mother of 1943" by the American Mothers Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation. "I had personal and sufficient reasons for not accepting," she snapped, without further explanation, and the president of the Golden Rule Foundation, a Mr. Vickery, was equally mysterious. "I am sure that Mrs. Davison based her action on misinformation regarding our organization," he told the reporters. We don't know what the catch in connection with the Golden Rule Foundation is, if any, but we are dismayed by the hint that an organization with that name could somehow be dubious. It was a comparable blow for us to learn not long ago that the concern which fought against, and defeated, a local ordinance prohibiting street peddling and turned in a bitter and furious brief calling the measure "unconstitutional, unreasonable, and discriminatory" was our old friend the Good Humor Corporation.

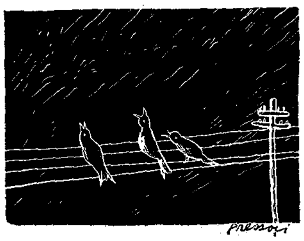
A FRIEND who mixes in prestidigitatorial circles tells us what may well be the definitive anecdote about our Russian allies. An acquaintance of his, a well-known magician, went to Russia to give a series of performances. He was assigned an interpreter to appear on the stage with him and translate his patter. Along about the third performance he became definitely convinced that things weren't going quite right. The audiences seemed very much interested, watched everything intently, and laughed in the right places, but they never applauded when he finished a trick. It took him some time to puzzle it out, but he finally did. The Soviet government, with its usual thoughtfulness, had assigned him an interpreter who was also a magician and the man was simply telling the audience how each trick was done as the visiting magician did it. Here's a story that should be brought to the attention of every official in our State Department above the rank of embassy doorman. The Soviet character may not be much different from what used to be called the Russian "soul," but the boys have been wised up. They're having all the tricks explained to them these days, and they know exactly how the rabbits got into the top hat and where the ace of spades has gone when the magician can't seem to find it.



IT was inevitable, come to think of it, that one or another of the eager ladies who practice amateur palmistry should someday find herself in the Metropolitan Museum, gazing with wild surmise at the Rodin sculpture entitled "The Hand of God." It was inevitable, too, that her report should find its way to our desk. The Hand is engaged in creating Man and Woman out of an amorphous mass of stuff, so the palm can't be studied; however, the lady tells us that all good palmists get their broad, preliminary impressions from the back of the hand and that the palm merely furnishes details. "If I were studying this hand at a party," she writes, "I would say the subject was a student with a great interest in psychology and other abstract studies. Socially, he is an adaptable soul, temperate and slow to anger. The basis of his character is logic and he would be a successful attorney. He is also a born gambler, and a lucky one. He is essentially an extremist in all his plans."

War-Matériel Show

AT the Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street showrooms where the Chrysler Corporation once displayed its new models, featuring power, speed, and flexibility of performance, there is an exhibition of war matériel, featuring exactly the same qualities, under the sponsorship of the Army Ordnance Department and of Chrysler, which manufactured, in whole or in part, many of the items to be seen. The demonstration is among the most popular of the town's free shows; it attracts forty thousand visitors weekly, or about as many as the combined attendance at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History, where the displays are naturally of a less topical nature. We entered the showrooms the other afternoon in a reminiscent mood, recalling the pulsing days of the Automobile Shows, when the place was thronged with devotees of power, speed, etc., many of whom wouldn't think of owning a car a second year. Today the crowd, stepping along on rationed shoes, is different. Several old Chrysler salesmen, still managing to look forceful and optimistic, were present, but a mild Superman overtone had replaced the old champagne flush of the assemblage. "Zowie," said one youngster in front of us when he spotted a huge one-ton Coast Artillery projectile, "I'll bet that can just *fly* through space!" He was right, too, to the extent of thirty miles.



Only the most effective matériel, that which has proved itself in battle, or some six hundred items, has been assembled, we were told by one of the noncoms assigned as information clerks here and there at the exhibit. "Just the *very* best," he said. "Now, you take this eighty-one-millimetre mortar. It fires a six-pound projectile a mile and a half. Over mountains or into gullies. When the right range is obtained, the three-man crew can knock a gnat's eye out." "Yea man! That sure broke their backs in Tunisia," said a voice at our shoulder. We turned to find a youth in a sweatshirt lettered "Straubenmuller Textile." "Right, Brother Bones," said the noncom. The youngster was looking at the mortar the way a hepcat looks at Harry James.

One of the high points of the show comes when a blindfolded soldier takes apart and reassembles a Garand rifle, which he does every fifteen minutes. This is not just a stunt but a required soldierly accomplishment; the gun might jam when in action at night. We caught the 3:15 P.M. performance of the act. A tall, dark-haired private was just about to tie a rolled handkerchief around his head, amid the vocal admiration of several girls in the group surrounding him. "It's really nothing," he said deprecatingly. "But how can you *see?*" they twittered. "I've got X-ray eyes," he replied, staring at them boldly for a moment. This byplay naturally brought forth some giggles. After applying the handkerchief so firmly that he seemed completely blindfolded, the private completed the feat in something under five minutes. When he had finished, a gray-haired man asked about the power of the Garand rifle. "At five hundred yards, a bullet can penetrate three-eighths of an inch of armor plate, three inches of concrete, five inches of brick masonry, six inches of seasoned oak, eight inches of dry sand, twelve inches of wet sand, twenty inches of wet snow, and dry snow indefinitely," said the soldier. "Golly!" said the man.

On our way out, we talked for a moment with one of the Chrysler representatives. He was there, he told us, for the benefit of past, present, and prospective Chrysler customers. For one thing, he tells people who inquire that if their ration boards will let them have a car, Chrysler will sell them one. "Most people ask me what the automobile will look like after the war," he said. " 'Just like today,' I always tell them. 'It will take months for the industry to tool up for something super-cosmic.' "

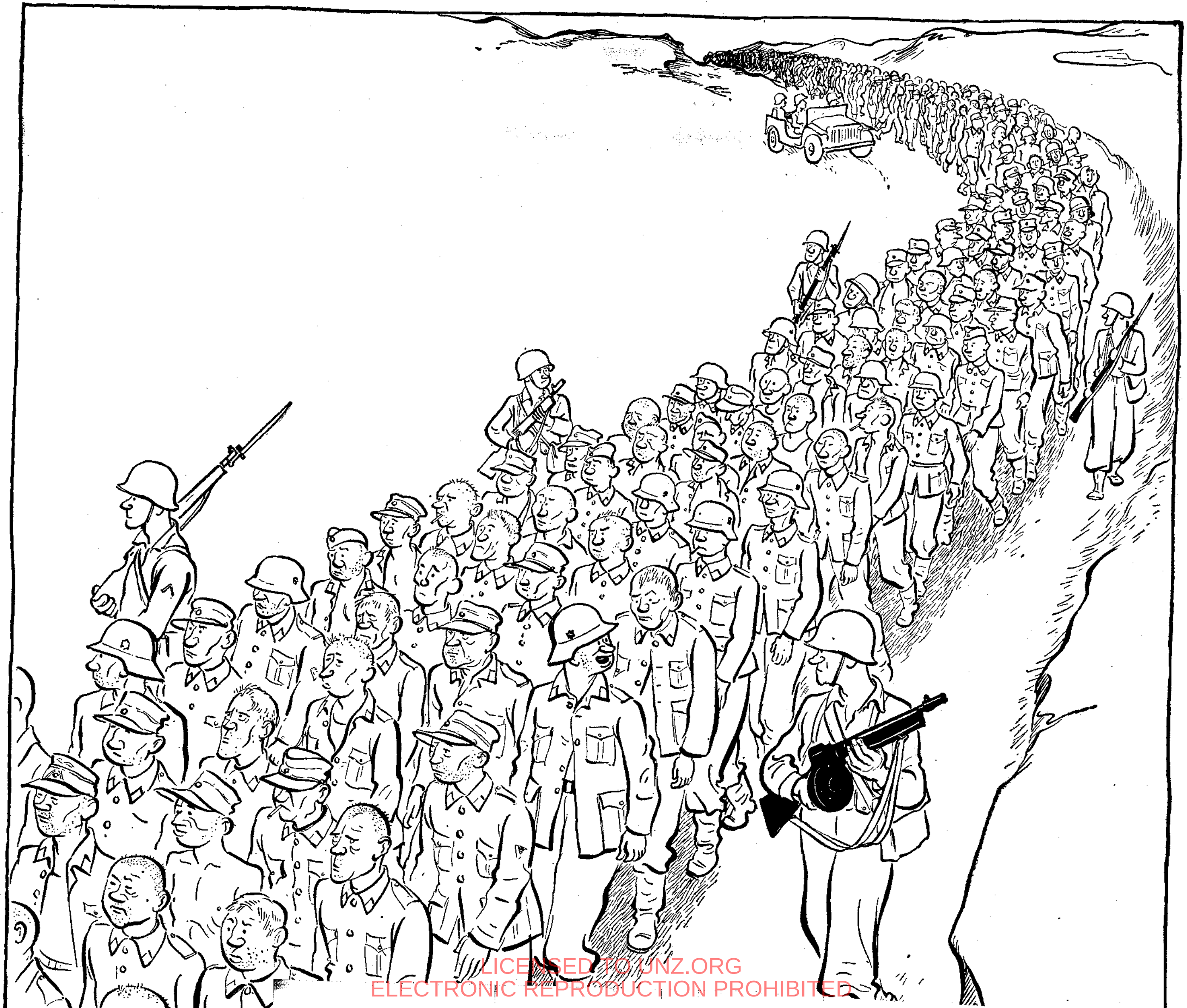
Clue

THE F.B.I. man, checking up on some applicant for a government post, is as familiar a figure in most households as the Fuller Brush man used to be. A neighbor of ours, a fellow who moves in artistic and literary society, was recently interviewed by a G-man who wanted to know everything our friend could tell him about a certain artist. The conversation kept touching on the question of whether he might be a Communist, until at last our friend said, "For heaven's sake, what makes you think he's a Communist?" "We have reason to suspect that he's a Cubist," the G-man said.

The Dogs Back Home

IF you have a dog, you may want to know about the War Dog Fund. Briefly, it's a scheme whereby dogs ineligible for enlistment in Dogs for Defense can make contributions of money, receiving in return ranks in whichever branch of the armed forces their masters think they'd prefer, such ranks being, of course, purely honorary but presumably good for morale. All this is the pleasant inspiration of Mr. James M. Austin, a tall, ruddy, bespectacled resident of Old Westbury, who is probably best known to the world as the owner of Champion Nornay Saddler, the famous smooth-haired fox terrier who has won more best-in-show cups than either he or Mr. Austin knows what to do with. It is Mr. Austin's idea to raise enough money to meet the expenses of Dogs for Defense. Animals are donated to this organization by their owners and are examined by vets who have volunteered for the chore, but there are expenditures averaging about eleven dollars for each recruit, such as the vet's incidental expenses, board, and the cost of shipping the inductee to the nearest dog-training centre. Since the Army is aiming at a force of two hundred thousand dogs, you can see that Mr. Austin has set himself quite a task.

The War Dog Fund, which has headquarters at 250 Park Avenue, has been in existence about four months and is taking in an average of five hundred dollars a day. A dog, or his owner, can contribute anything from a dollar to a hundred dollars, the size of the contribution determining the rank the dog gets. One dollar makes a dog a private or a seaman, according to choice; five makes him a sergeant or a C.P.O.; ten gets him a lieutenant's or ensign's commission; and so on. (No distinction is made between a first and second lieutenancy, on the theory that dogs don't care.) The hundred-dollar commissions are, as you might expect, admirals' and generals'. Saddler himself is a general, with a certificate and collar tag for proof. There are seventy-four other generals and admirals on the rolls, including a Pekinese and a Chihuahua. For some reason the generals outnumber the admirals eleven to one. One admiral's commission was purchased by a



monopolized by a very young seaman. Tactfully she suggested that he might like to meet one of the junior hostesses and dance, but he shook his head. "I'd like to stay with you," he said with tender warmth. "You remind me of my grandmother. She's still living, too."

Correspondence

A LOCAL stage property man named Joe Lynn is, we would guess, the most zealous prop man in the business. A prop man, you know, takes care of everything in a theatrical production that isn't part of the set or a member of Actors' Equity—dishes, weapons, rubies stolen from an idol's eye, or whatever. The job also includes taking care of letters, if letters are called for in the script. In "The Eve of St. Mark" a letter figures prominently in Act I, Scene 3. As the scene opens, a girl is just finishing a letter to her sweetheart in the Army. She seals it and gives it to her father to mail. Well, Joe Lynn is the prop man for "The Eve of St. Mark." Every day, and twice a day on matinée days, he has written a real letter for the use of Mary Rolfe, who plays the girl, and she has added a few words of her own before sealing it. There's no need for any of this super-realism, you understand; a sheet of paper with a few random scribbles on it would be good enough to fool even the people in the front row.

The letters thus composed are kept stacked on a shelf backstage at the Cort—quite a pile of them now, the show having played over two hundred and fifty performances. Joe Lynn, a stocky fellow in his mid-forties, allowed us to skim through and transcribe a few selections, though it was plain that he thought our interest was misplaced. "I don't go in much for this literary business," he told us, busily stacking away a plateful of dummy hamburgers. "I just catch-as-catch-can with it. It never takes me more than three or four minutes." Having read a few of the letters, we decided that Joe was being too modest. The letters, most of them on current events, were uniformly pithy, studded with cracks like this one, apropos the rumor that the Little Flower was going to join the Army: "Well, it happened. We now have a one-star general direct from City Hall. I'd like to see him in his uniform. I'll bet he will look like a wet football standing on end." One day last week the letter read, "Now they've knocked Rommel's ears back. On our own shores Congress has been kicking around the Ruml Plan. I guess some of them figured any thing or name that sounded like Rommel was no good, and they wanted to share in the glory."

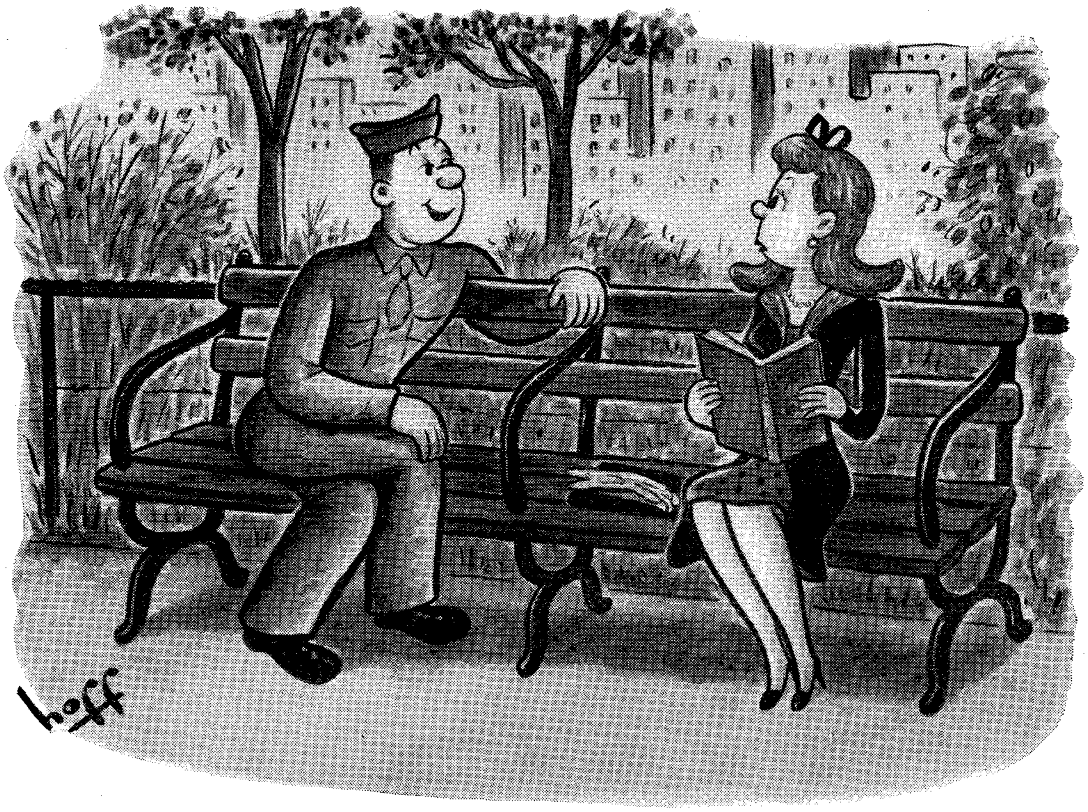
On the twelfth of February there was a brief tribute to Lincoln, beginning, "One hundred and thirty-four years ago today Nancy Hanks lying on a rough-hewn bed with an old rough bearskin as a mattress gave birth to a baby boy who was later to become the Great Emancipator." Other topics touched on in the letters are liquor rationing, the Supreme Court, Valentine's Day, the old Tiller Girls, General MacArthur, and the Shubert brothers. Miss Rolfe's additions to these notes, having been made onstage, are naturally somewhat perfunctory. Usually they have no relation to Joe's topic of the day; for instance, her postscript to Joe's letter on liquor rationing read, bleakly, "Well, here I go with another cold. Love, Janet." All the letters begin with the salutation "Dear Quizz" in Joe's handwriting and end "Love, Janet" in Miss Rolfe's. Quizz and Janet are, of course, the play's lovers.

Joe had a forthright answer when we asked him why he goes to all this extra trouble. "I got to do something to earn my money," he said. He figures that since 1915, when he started his career as a prop man, he has had about a hundred shows, probably half of which involved letters; during the runs of all these shows he wrote letters for every performance. He has apparently established a tradition for "The Eve of St. Mark." The prop man for the road company was furnished with a batch of Joe's letters to use as models and ille

tates niza- tion or au rkers being recruited by the War Manpower Commission, received the uncompromising support of Helena Rubinstein, who gave a cocktail party to honor it and also to display her own penthouse Victory garden, known to everybody within reach of Madame Rubinstein's publicity staff as the Farm in the Sky. We were on hand to observe, and our first observations were that Madame's quarters, which are in a fourteen-story apartment house at 625 Park, consisted of three floors containing many objets d'art and very few rugs, and that her vegetables were planted in boxes on a balcony off the second floor. Reading the labels that marked the various rows of shoots and sprouts, we found that she is raising strawberries, eggplant, Swiss chard, cauliflower, red and yellow tomatoes, broccoli, parsley, celery, cabbage, and an assortment called Herbs for Health. The total acreage, we estimated, came to something less than one. In a small wooden crate, divided in half by wire, were two chickens and two rabbits and nearby, all by themselves on the balcony floor, were three eggs, the source of which was anyone's guess. There were also quite a few decorative pieces around, including a scarecrow with a wooden duck on its head and another on its left shoulder, and an empty well about three feet deep. We learned by eavesdropping that these decorations were by Peter Hunt, the Provincetown artist, and that the well had been raised from the street by derrick.

Our next observation was that half the guests at the party, if they want to help with the harvest this summer, will have to learn English, because French is not the language of the soil in this country. A great many international-looking fellows were standing about talking in French and drinking Scotch-and-soda, although a dark green vegetable juice of Madame Rubinstein's own concoction was also available. One of the guests was Salvador Dali, whom we've seen quite a lot of lately. He had every right in the world to be there, because Madame Rubinstein has one whole room devoted to his stuff. A lady press agent introduced us to Miss Bertha Applegate of the Manpower Commission and a Miss McNair of the United States Employment Service. "We look on Madame Rubinstein," Miss Applegate said, "as simply one of many persons who are showing keen interest in our program. Several department stores and women's organizations are very eager to help us recruit." "Like the National Women's Security Corps," said Miss McNair. "They were the cutest bugs you ever saw."

We wandered up to the third floor, where the bar was located, and found it pretty crowded. "Here's to Palm Beach by next year," said one man, raising his glass. Right by the bar was a small movie screen and a few yards away was a projector. A young man in a tweed suit appeared and started the projector going, and we saw what we could, while people strolled in front of the screen on their way to the bar, of two short films dealing with volunteer farming in Great Britain. "I showed them earlier under somewhat better conditions," the young man told us. After the movies we went down to the penthouse's ground floor and had a look at the Dali room, which contained three large paintings and the artist himself. Then we went back up to the Farm in the Sky to say goodbye to the lady press agent and tell her it had been a nice party. "Yesterday we weren't sure we could have it," she said. "It poured rain and we practically had to hold the crops up with our hands." As we were leaving, we had our first glimpse that afternoon of Madame Rubinstein, who was standing all by herself near a table which had on it a plate containing four raw potatoes under a glass cover. She looked inscrutable and we couldn't tell what kind of time she was having.



"Do you care for the soldier type?"

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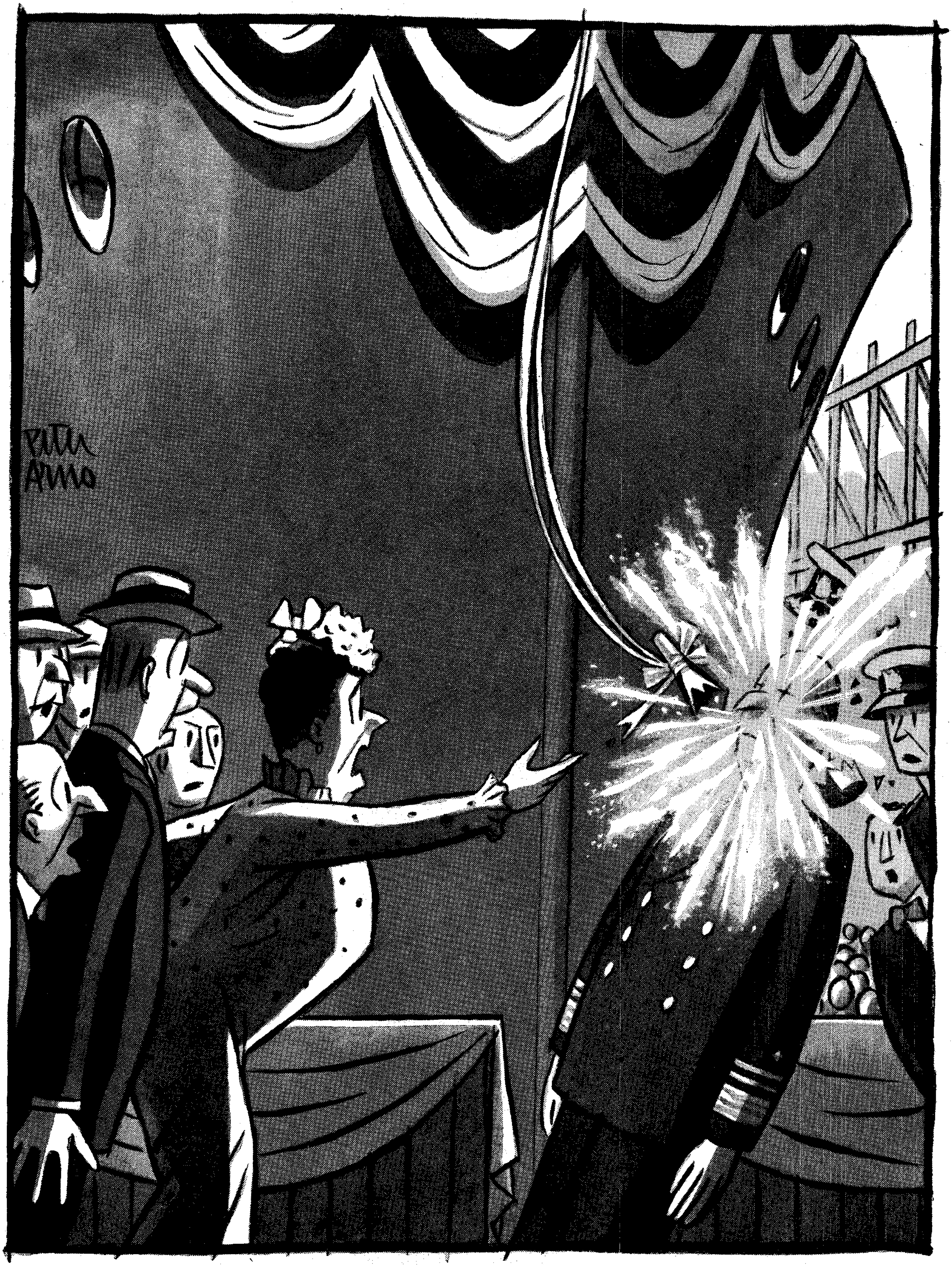
Ghost Story

TELEPHONE extensions keep multiplying like dandelions in official Washington, and an occasional wrong number surprises nobody. A young lady bureaucrat we've heard about *was* a little surprised, though, by something that happened as a result of an attempt to get in touch with a fellow-bureaucrat named Mr. Lightfoot. "Hello," a male voice said. "Mr. Lightfoot?" she asked. "No, sorry," the voice said. "Well, isn't this Mr. Lightfoot's office?" she asked. "No," the voice said. "As a matter of fact, this is just an empty room."



"Oh dear!"

THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR

Kirk's train got in during Elsa's lunch hour and they went into the drugstore in the station and sat on two stools and had a dry chicken sandwich apiece and coffee, and he went back to the office with her. It was an advertising agency—one of the small ones—and not very busy these days but busy enough for Elsa, who was new at her job. All afternoon Kirk was there, killing time while she worked. He thumbed half-heartedly through the pages of the *Nautical Gazette*, the *Maryland Master Plumber*, the *Manual of Sewage Disposal Equipment and Sewer Construction*, and the *American Home*. Then he stood and looked out of the window for a while and told her what was happening in the dental clinic in the building across the street. And to distract her attention while she was telephoning he wrote messages to her on a little scratch pad that had "RUSH" printed on it. As soon as he finished writing one he'd thrust the pad in front of her and wait expectantly until she looked down and read: "Mrs. Kramer do you think your mother remembered to change the sheets? I do love clean sheets!" or "Remind me to tell you what beautiful beautiful teeth you have" or "There's nobody at Fort Belvoir that interests me Mrs. Kramer. They're nice some of them and they mean well and they're good soldiers and all that but they don't interest me. You're the only person that interests me. (signed) Cpl. K. C. Kramer." And then she'd smile into the telephone and push the pad away.

It was not the first time Kirk had been home, or even the second. He knew now what he'd find when he got here. Last fall, after he was inducted, the sensible, in fact the only, thing to do seemed to be to give up their apartment. When they said "home" now they both meant Elsa's mother's apartment, on East Eighty-sixth Street. Elsa had moved back into her old room and all the things that wouldn't fit into it were stored in the basement, where they took up a surprisingly small space in the family locker. She had been twice to see him—all the way to Virginia with her overnight bag packed tight with cigarettes and candy and cashew nuts and the kind of stuffed olives Kirk was so fond of, and a pint of whiskey and a book to read on the train, and her clothes taking up hardly any room at all. She had seen the camp where Kirk was stationed, and his company barracks, and she had been introduced to Council and Youtsey, the two Southern boys whose cots were on either side of his, and the names of the rest of them she could, for the most part, keep straight. Kirk in turn had got over his absorption with the details of Army life and was once more able to talk about other things. They were both free now of the feeling of strangeness after separation, and knew how to act when they were together. It was no longer as if they were living in two different worlds, with none of the values of one fitting the needs in the other.

Two or three times during the afternoon Ruthie Stevenson popped in, on one office errand or another, and it was clear from her elaborate casualness that she suspected Elsa of letting Kirk make love to her while she was figuring space rates. But they hadn't been kissing or even holding hands, because Kirk had six whole days ahead of him and they had learned, both of them, to fight down the feeling that there was no time and that they had to say everything and do everything they might ever want to do or say in the next five minutes. Any hunger, any uncertainty that they felt now they could communicate well enough with their eyes. The terrible clutching at one another that was so much like the sensation of drowning—that was no good anyway. It robbed them of the little time they had together and left them merely exhausted. This was much better. Just to have Kirk sitting there beside her, Elsa thought, so pink and healthy with his uniform wrinkled from the long train ride and his thin, thirty-year-old face above the tan tie and collar. Just to have to step over his long, shapely legs every time she got up and went to the filing cabinet. It was quite enough. It was all she wanted. So long as he was there beside her fiddling with the knots in his shoe strings and writing foolish memos, she had nothing to be afraid of. No harm could come to either of them.

Shortly before five the sky clouded over and Elsa had to turn the lights on. She saw out of the corner of her eye that Kirk had the fidgets. He had pried a paper clip partly open and was chewing on it, and he kept shifting his position in the chair. Although she knew she oughtn't to, she hurried. She finished a tentative schedule for a new account, grabbed up the file of correspondence and some other papers that Mr. Rygel, the vice-president, had asked her for, hastily clipped them all together, and took them in to him. He looked up at her as she laid them on his desk and said, "This is the day your husband comes home, isn't it, Mrs. Kramer? Why don't you leave early? I'm going in a minute or two myself."

Elsa went from his office to the ladies' room. When she came back to her own office and lifted her hat and coat off a chair, Kirk's face lit up with pleasure.

Outside it was warm and the wind was blowing the dust up Madison Avenue and it looked as if they would be caught in a shower any minute. Kirk signalled to a couple of cabs as they went by, but they both had fares, and by the time the third one, which was empty, came along, Elsa had persuaded him to be sensible and wait for the Madison Avenue bus. When the shower came it was a downpour and drove them into a store entrance, where the windows were filled with little scissors and knives of every size and purpose, all arranged in concentric cartwheels. It was so private in there behind the curtain of rain and such a comfort to be away from the office at last that when a bus finally came along they almost missed it. The doors were closing as Kirk ran out, pulling Elsa after him. He pounded on the glass with his fist and the driver saw that he was in uniform and opened the door and let them in out of the rain.

With Elsa behind him, Kirk shouldered his way through the people standing in the front end of the bus, and when they got to the rear the aisle was practically empty. The only other person standing was a very young blond British sailor. He couldn't be more than seventeen, Elsa decided as she reached for the strap next to his. At Forty-ninth Street a dirty-faced delivery boy with a big, square package got off and the sailor motioned for Elsa to take the empty seat. She shook her head and smiled and said, "No thanks, I've been sitting all day." The sailor continued to stand in front of the seat, unwilling to sit down, apparently, so long as she was standing. The three of them lurched when the bus lurched, solemnly recovered their individual balance, and a moment later lurched again.

At Fifty-seventh Street a number of people got on. A large, fat woman made her way to the rear of the bus, brushed the sailor aside, and sat down in the empty seat. The others who came after her filled the rear of the bus until it was almost as crowded as the front. The sailor reached into his breast pocket and drew out a slip of paper, which he unfolded carefully and read. Then he looked past Elsa at Kirk and said, "I beg your pardon, but do you mind telling me when we get to Sixty-eighth Street?"

Kirk ducked his head and peered out of the windows for street signs, but with the rain washing against the glass it was impossible to tell where they were until Elsa, who knew the route by heart, saw a flower shop that she recognized and said, "It's only Sixtieth."

The sailor held out his piece of paper for them to read: "66 WEST 68TH STREET TAKE MADISON AVENUE BUS TO 68TH STREET AND WALK BLOCK AND A HALF WEST."

Elsa glanced at it and nodded. "It's eight more blocks," she said.

"Don't worry about it," Kirk said. "We'll tell you when the bus gets there."

The sailor touched his hat and thanked them. "I've been in America a week now," he said shyly, "and everyone I've met seems to be so kind. No matter where I go."

"They're no kinder than people anywhere," Kirk said. But it was obvious that the British sailor was in love with America and wouldn't hear anything against it. After that, when Kirk and Elsa smiled at each other, the sailor smiled too, and they smiled back at him. It was as if all three of them were committed to a long sea voyage and the sudden, unnatural intimacy of travellers was asserting itself.

While the bus was waiting for the lights to change, at Sixty-second Street, Kirk leaned over and whispered in Elsa's ear, "You know what you did?"

She turned to look at him. "No, what?"

"Those slips, all those messages I wrote you while you were telephoning—you clipped them onto the schedules and took them in to Mr. Rygel. I just this minute realized it."

"Oh, I couldn't have!" Elsa exclaimed.

"But you did," he said, nodding. "You were in a hurry. You were in a hell of a hurry all of a sudden and I saw you gather them all up, but I was thinking about something that happened in camp yesterday and it didn't dawn on me what you were doing until just this minute."

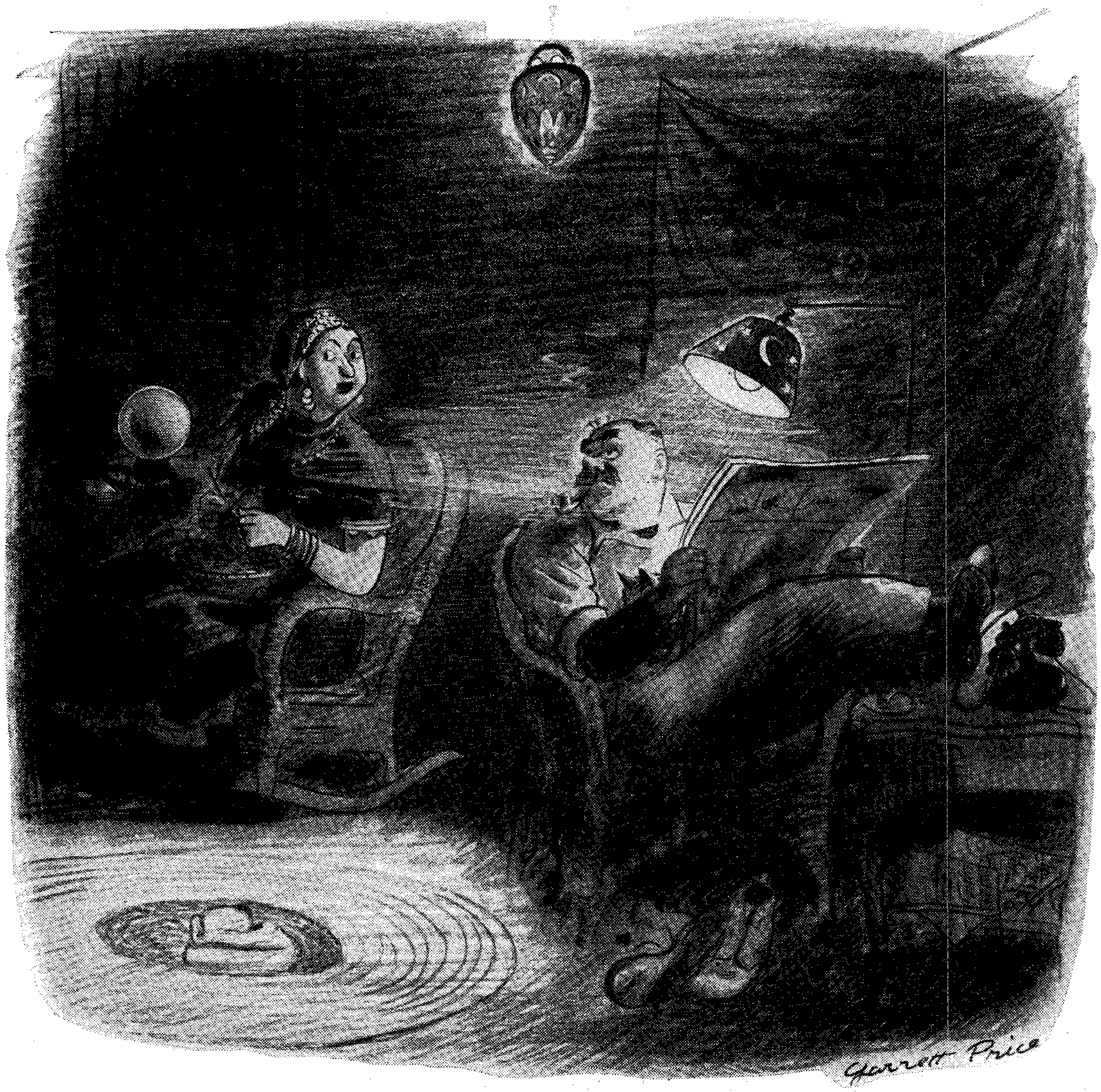
Elsa's blue eyes grew wide with horror, and then she and Kirk began to laugh helplessly, swaying as the bus swayed, and leaning against each other. The British sailor, cut off from them now by something they couldn't share with him, looked the other way. No one else paid any attention to them.

"If it had been anyone but Mr. Rygel," Elsa sighed. "You don't know what he's like, darling. He lives with his unmarried sister in Kew Gardens and when he reads those notes . . ."

"He's probably reading them right now," Kirk said, "and swelling up like a pouter pigeon."

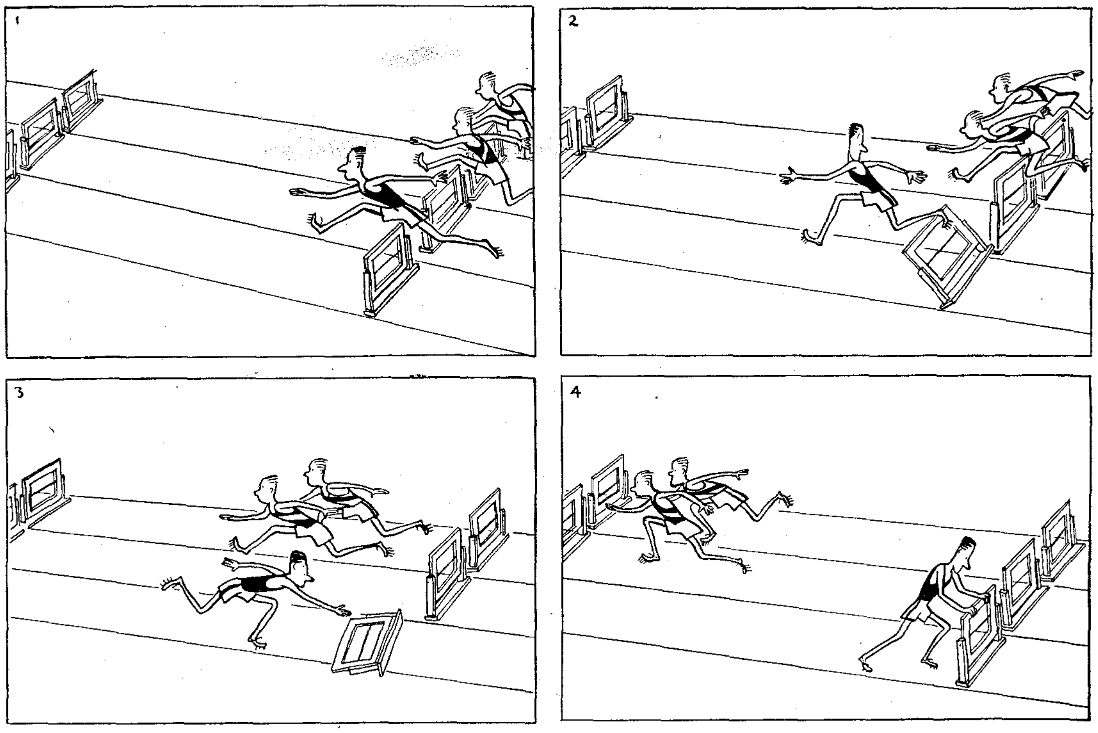
That set them off again, and they were still laughing when the bus stopped at Sixty-eighth Street, but Kirk remembered to reach over and touch the British sailor's sleeve. Seeing the half-sad, half-embarrassed look on his face, Elsa had an impulse to explain what they were laughing about, but there wasn't time. The doors had already parted, and two passengers stepped down, and the sailor, with his coat collar turned up around his neck, stepped after them.

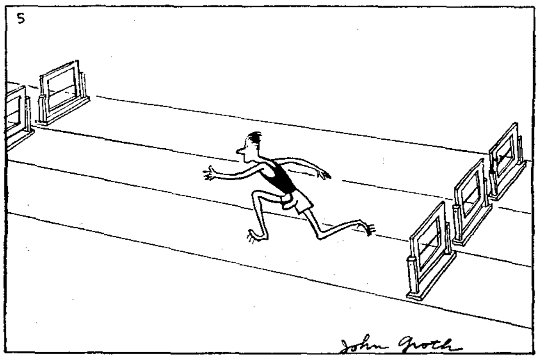
Elsa and Kirk watched him, expecting that he



"Get the phone, Joe. It's about to ring."

would turn and look back, and he did. He brought his hand up in a queer, stiff salute just as the bus started. They waved to him, motioning which way he was to go, and then once more burst out laughing.





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BETWEEN Sixty-eighth Street and Seventy-second they tried to remember all the messages that Kirk had written to her, but it was too horrible, and there was nothing they could do about it anyway, and they were tired of laughing. Kirk reached into his hip pocket for a handkerchief and, finding none, wiped the tears away with the back of his hand. Elsa let go of her strap long enough to fish a small white handkerchief out of her bag for him. He wiped his eyes with it, and instead of giving the handkerchief back to her, he began to examine it, scornfully at first, then with curiosity. Elsa saw that what interested him was the name "Roslyn" embroidered in one corner.

"That's Mother's fault," she explained. "Mother went to Bloomingdale's last Friday and they were having a sale on handkerchiefs and so she brought home a dozen, all with fancy names on them. She doesn't know anybody by those names that she could give the handkerchiefs to, but that didn't faze her. She said she didn't buy the handkerchiefs for the names, she bought them for the linen. And now every time I reach into my bureau drawer and pull out a handkerchief I get one with 'Cecile' on it, or 'Joan' or 'Marilou' or 'Roslyn.'" She glanced up at Kirk, waiting for him to be amused, and discovered that he hadn't even been listening. There was a strange, set expression on his face, as if he had just thought of something extremely unpleasant.

"That address," he said.

"What about it?"

"It was sixty-six West Sixty-eighth Street, wasn't it?"

"That's right."

"Are you sure?"

"Why yes," Elsa said. "Don't you remember? It said to take the Madison Avenue bus and walk a block and a half . . ." She didn't bother to finish the sentence. For a moment they stared at each other and the swaying of the bus was more like a nightmare than anything that could be happening to them in real life. Both of their faces looked bleak and old.

"A block and a half west of Madison Avenue is Central Park," Elsa said.

Kirk nodded. "Funny, isn't it?"

"Hilarious," Elsa said sadly. In her mind she was figuring out how many blocks they had come, and how long it had taken them, and whether they could possibly get back to Fifth Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street in time. But it was already too late; the British sailor wouldn't stand there on the corner, in the rain. By this time he'd be gone. Into the Park, maybe, where they'd never find him. Or onto another bus. His words came back to her intact, accent and all: *"I've been in America a week now and everyone I've met seems to be . . ."* Who could do such a thing? Who could be so cruel, so inhuman, so unkind?

"The British are friends of ours," Kirk said. "No matter what we do to them they'll understand we were just joking. They always have liked the American sense of humor."

Elsa saw that, for the moment, he included her in his bitterness. It was a civilian joke, a gag that no soldier or sailor or merchant seaman or Marine or any kind of man in uniform could ever possibly have pulled on another, no matter where he was or what his nationality might be. But that was hardly fair, Elsa said to herself. She was not responsible for it any more than Kirk was. And suddenly, as if it were projected on a tremendous movie screen, she saw the picture of the two of them laughing together on the bus—laughing, for all the British sailor knew, at the wonderful joke that was about to be played on him, and waving to him which way he was to go.

She reached up and pulled the cord.

"It's not Eighty-sixth Street," Kirk said. "We don't want to get off yet."

"Yes, we do," Elsa said, and pushed her way blindly toward the door.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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Alternating bites of honey cake, or fruitcake, and worms, will give any robin a balanced diet.—*Washington Star.*

How do you make him alternate?

RADIO

THE radio was playing a recording of Helen O'Connell and a band. Mr. Klauser looked up from his paper, frowned a little, and looked over at the radio. He heard O'Connell through her chorus.

"That's funny," he said.

"What's funny?" said his wife.

"The name of that song."

"The name of what song?"

"The one they're playing on the radio, that girl was just singing."

"What's funny about it?" said Mrs. Klauser. "Make me laugh. I wasn't even listening."

"I know you weren't. You keep the goddam thing turned on all day, but I bet you never listen. You're like the kids doing their lessons. Gotta have that radio on, gotta have that radio on, but I bet you they never hear a goddam word, and I bet *you* never hear a goddam word."

"If this is suppose to be just merely a criticism on me and my radio habits, I was reading a story. I thought you were suppose to make me laugh with the name of that song."

"I never said I was gunna make you laugh. Kindly remember that. It was you that said, 'Go ahead, if it's so funny, make me laugh.' Well, I didn't say I would make you laugh. All I said was that's funny, the name of that song."

"And anyway, if I'm gunna be asked my radio habits, I'd much prefer it if I was asked by the Gallup Poll. They wouldn't have so many goddams in their questions."

"The Crossley," he said. "The Gallup is for politics."

"All right, the Crossley. Who cares?" She rubbed her lower lip. "I wonder who they call up and ask them what they're listening to. They never asked me. I don't even know anybody they ever asked."

"That's not the way they do it any more. They have another way of doing it nowadays."

"How do they, then?" she said.

"Well, they still use the phone in some cases. In certain cases they call up and ask you what program are you listening to, but then they have other ways too."

"*What* other ways?"

"Why, they take some kind of a cross section of the public—what income bracket you're in, how many cars do you own, how many radios and so on, and they figure out how many people were listening to such-and-such a program."

"How could they figure it out if they didn't ask you?"

"They don't have to ask each individual party. They have their own way of doping it out from some kind of a formula. Naturally they don't go around blabbing what the formula is, or otherwise why couldn't I steal the formula and go into business for myself with their idea?"

"In other words, you don't know."

"Of course I don't know. I never pretended as if I did know."

"Oh, no. Certainly not. If I wouldn't of asked you a simple question like how did they figure it out you would of gone on all night talking like a big authority on the subject, and wouldn't that be typical!"

Mr. Klauser got up and turned off the radio. He sat down.

"Why'd you turn it off? Just because you're sore about something?" she said.

He got up again and turned it on, just in time to hear the last few bars of O'Connell's final chorus.

"Is that the song you were talking about?"

"It is," he said.

"What's it called?"

"Just like I said. You don't even hear the words."

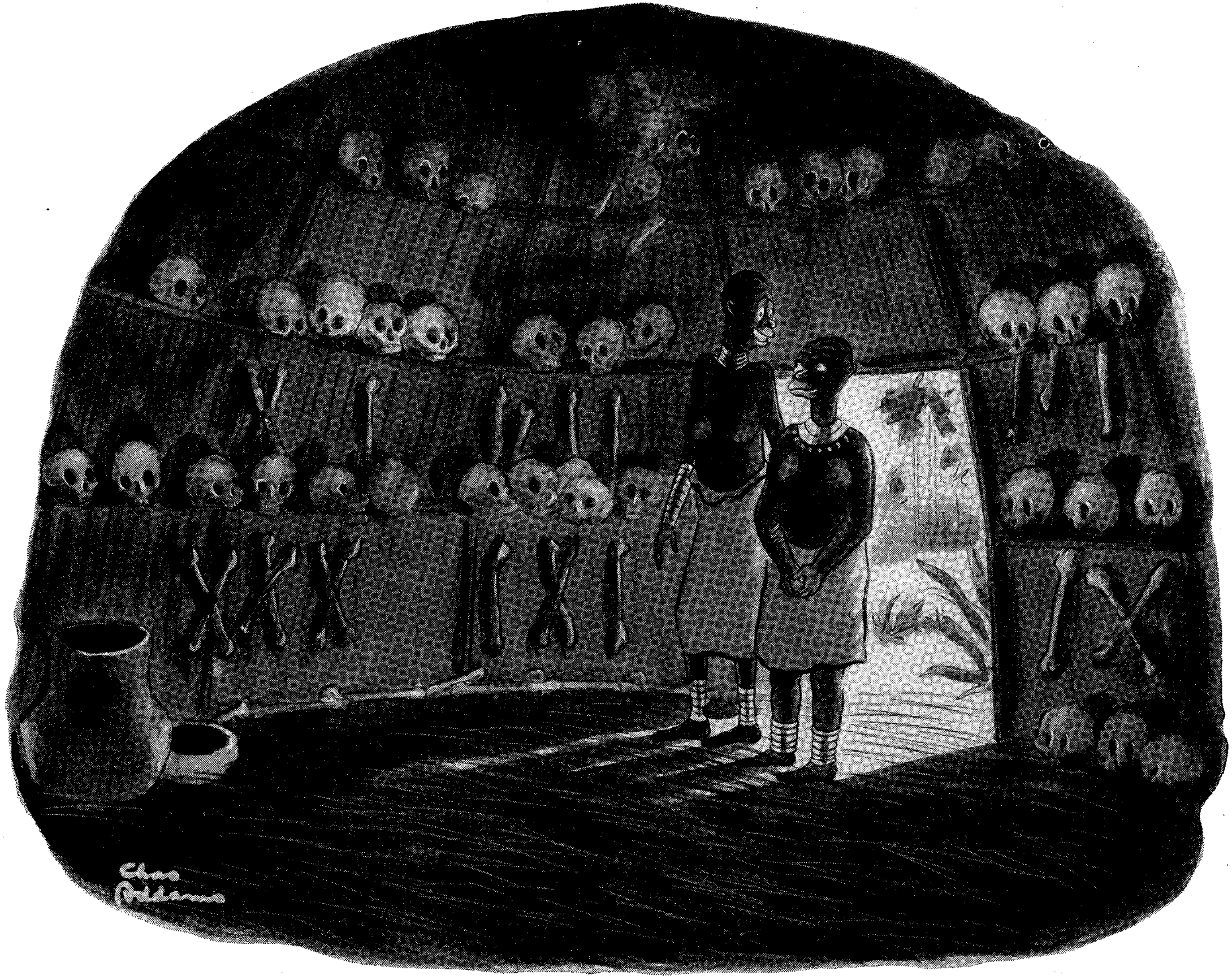
"I heard the words. It went, 'Don't get around much any more,' " she said. "What's funny about that? We *don't* get around much any more."

He sat down. "You weren't suppose to bust a gut laughing. And anyway, I wasn't thinking about us. I was thinking about Harry the Wolf."

"Harry Rand?"

"Who else would I mean by Harry the Wolf? If it was any other Harry I'd have said his last name. Harry Bottiger. Harry Moore. Harry Rand's the only Harry the Wolf we know without saying his name. In fact, the only person or anyway the only *man* we know that we only have to call him by his first name, and we know who he is, is Harry the Wolf or just Harry. I'll tell you what I was thinking was funny and then we can drop the whole matter. I happened to be thinking of him reading the paper, and how it was a couple months since we last saw him, and then I noticed the words of that song and I thought it was funny how he didn't get around much any more. It wasn't ha-ha-ha funny. Just strange."

"Dear Diary . . ."



“Oh, I love it! It looks so lived in.”

• •

“Oh,” she said. She looked at her husband and then turned her attention to her magazine.

He looked at his watch. “A little too late or I’d call him up.”

“I should say it is too late, and anyway, what’d you want to call him for? If he wants to see us he knows how to get in touch with us. I want to finish my story.”

“It isn’t so goddam late. He use to come here later than this.”

“All right, call him if you want to, but if he comes over I’m going to bed.”

“All right, then I won’t *call* him.”

She drew a deep breath. “Anyway, if you had any sense you’d wait till he called *here*. He was around enough when he wasn’t working. You oughta know that. *You* were the one brought him here in the first place. That’s how he happen to practically live here. But all he had to do was get a job and that’s the last we see of him. And by the way, did he ever pay you back that thirty-five dollars he owes you since last summer?”

“Maybe that’s why I wanted to get in touch with him.”

“Not if I know you it wasn’t. You wouldn’t have the nerve to ask him for it.”

“I wouldn’t? Well, I did, just before Christmas, and he gave me back ten of it.”

“Well, you surprise me. You amaze me. What about the rest of it? Did he say anything about paying that? You know those children can use twenty-five dollars better than any Harry Rand.”

“Yeah?” said Klauser.

“Yeah,” she said. “I could of taken that twenty-five dollars and bought them both coats for next year. A lot of things I could of done with it.”

He got up and went to her. “Thinking about the children all of a sudden, eh? How about at Rockaway, those times you and Harry—I guess you were thinking about the children then? And a couple other times I could mention I’m not suppose to know about.” He slapped her hard across the face. “You bitch.”

“Don’t you hit me again,” she said.

“Sure I will,” he said, and did. “As much as I want to, because, Baby, you’re stuck.” He walked to a taboret where he kept his rye. He took out a pint bottle and held it up to the light. He began to sing softly: “Da-da de da-da de da. ‘Don’t get around much any more.’ Baby, are you stuck!”

She nodded. “Uh-huh,” she said. “I’m stuck.”

—John O’Hara

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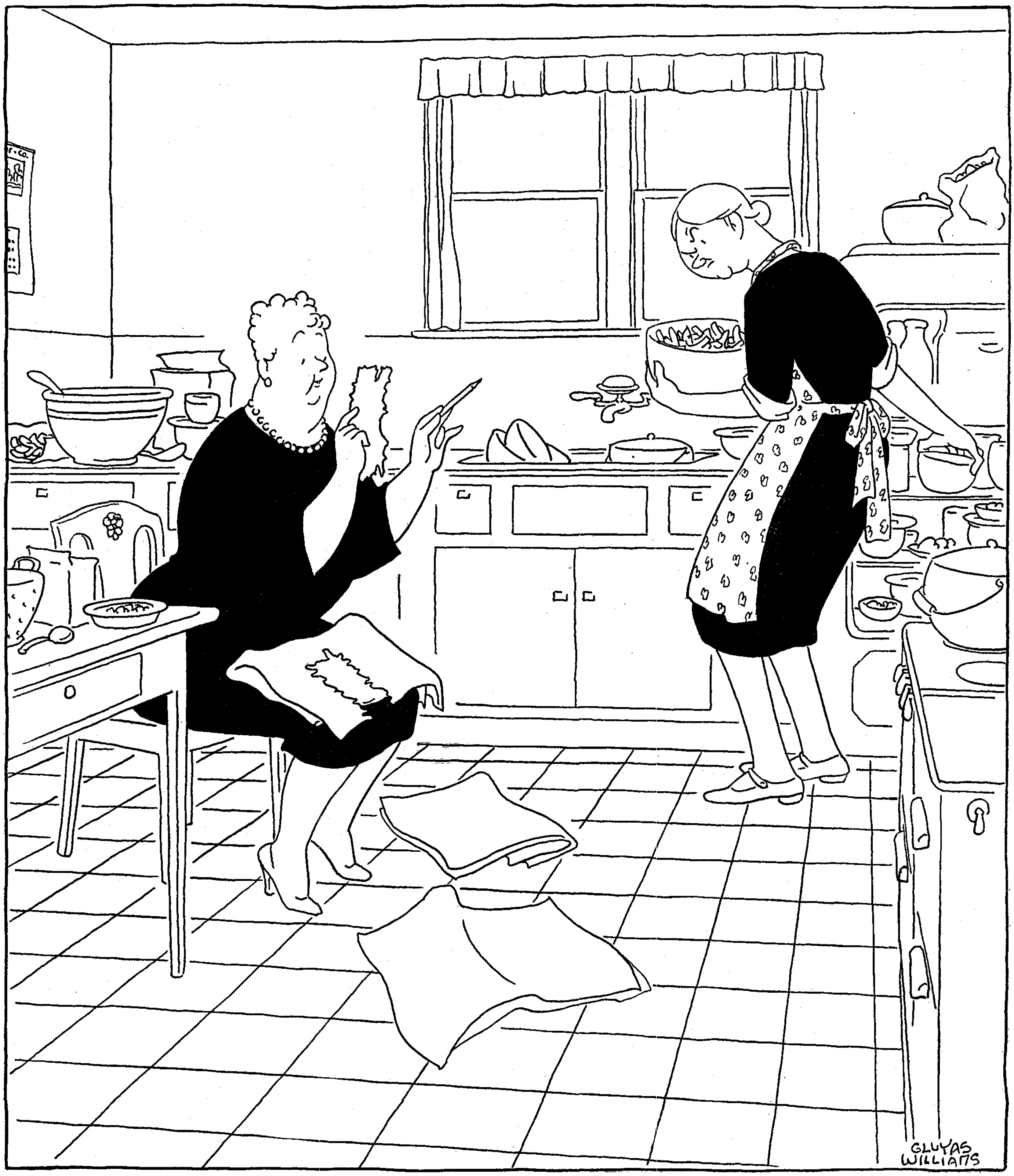
But it is their sincere homage to the glory of the Italian Renaissance, like a meditation on the beauty of the human spirit, that makes them look like livink poetry.—*The Herald Tribune.*

We’re dyink to see them.



THE READING PUBLIC

"... days when every ration point and every calory must 'do its bit,' we know our readers will be interested in Priscilla Paddle's Slap-the-Jap Meatless Meat Loaf. First, take the discarded outer leaves of three artichokes and boil for thirty-six hours. The once-despised carrot green is another ingredient; chop up finely and boil separately for three-quarters of an hour over a low flame or twenty minutes over a hot flame. If you have an old piece of gingerbread that has grown stale, don't throw it away, for it will be the base of our sauce. Before we are ready for the sauce, however, we must dice three pounds of pea pods, work in a little mustard (chervil or tarragon will do almost as well, however), and let simmer until delicious. Then we're ready for the potato skins, which should be . . ."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

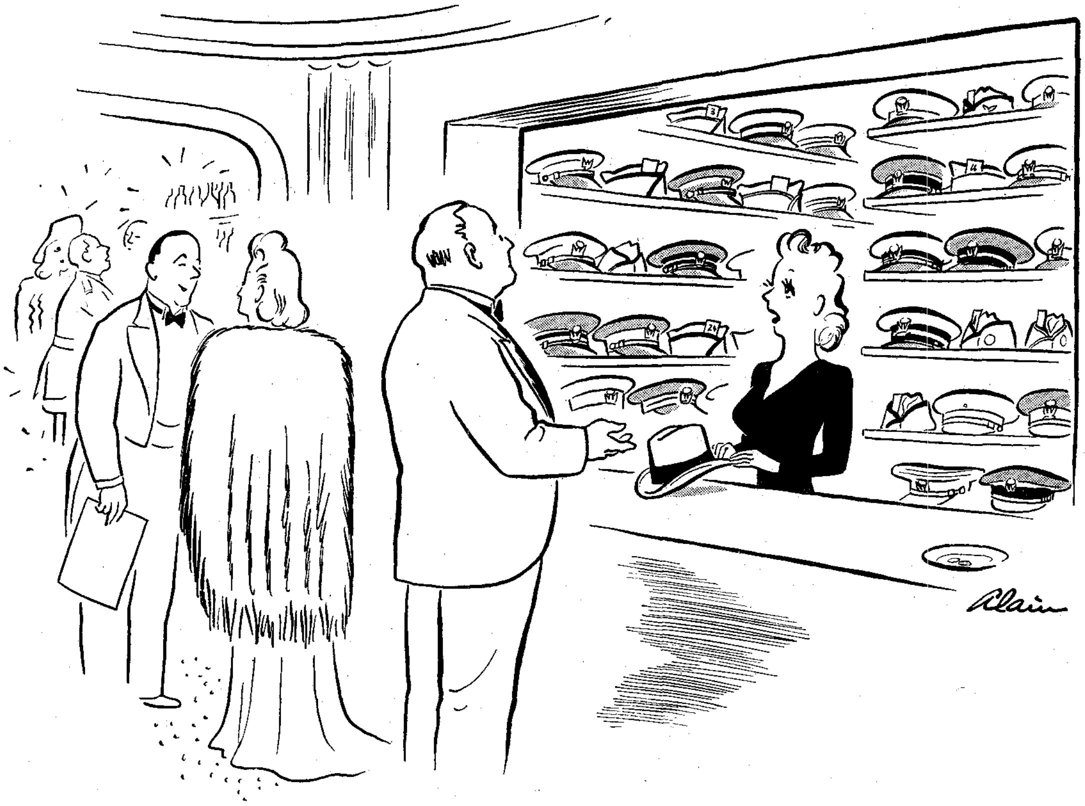
THE ESCAPE OF MRS. JEFFRIES—I

LAST September, Mrs. Ellen Jeffries, an American expatriate who had lived in France for twenty years because she was in love with it, tardily decided to leave Paris. Actually, Mrs. Jeffries is not her name, nor are any of the other names in this narrative the names of the people involved. In 1942, after two years of the German occupation, she was among the dozen or more diehards, all women, left over from that colony of about five thousand Americans to whom Paris, during the twenties and thirties, had seemed liberty itself. Since Pearl Harbor, however, detention, *résidence forcée*, or even a concentration camp looked like the inevitable expatriate American way. Or there was flight. By finally making up her mind, on September 1st, to leave, and by moving as rapidly, which in the end meant as illegally, as possible, Mrs. Jeffries managed to arrive in New York the second week of April, 1943. All things considered, including the fact that her travel problems included escapes across two French borders and that escapes are slow-moving projects demanding lots of careful talk first, Mrs. Jeffries, who is forty-five, statuesque, unmelodramatic, New Hampshire-born, a seasoned traveller, and nobody's fool, thinks she made fast time.

Certainly, by last September, it was already better, in Paris, to be conquered French than unconquered American, especially if you wanted to leave it. A trickle of Frenchmen, preferably those who were on food or collaboration business, were given German *Ausweise*, the *Kommandantur* exit visas, which allowed them to cross from Occupied into Vichy France. But no American in Paris last summer was given an exit visa for any reason whatever. The Germans had decided that all Americans were dishonorable. As proof, they pointed out that resident Americans, who before Pearl Harbor had been graciously granted passes merely to visit in the Unoccupied Zone, had from there impolitely run for the Spanish border and home. Even before Pearl Harbor, the Nazis, to keep closer tabs on those who were left in Paris and the environs, had ordered them not to set foot outside the Departments of the Seine and the Seine-et-Oise and to report once a week to their local police station to sign an alien ledger which contained their photographs and data on them. After Pearl Harbor, the ladies also had to register at the Chambre des Députés, where the Germans, ironically, had set up their alien-enemy *Büro*, and sign a new Nazi alien-enemy questionnaire which included the optimistic inquiry "*Avez-vous un cheval?*" Two entire lines were reserved for this "Have you a horse?" question. There was no need for the Germans to wonder if American men had horses to donate to the Reichswehr, because all male Americans had been crowded into detention barracks at Compiègne a week after America had entered the war.

In the two years that had passed since the Germans had officially cut France in two, the first, wild seepage of refugees, members of separated families, and soldiers' wives and children across the Armistice demarcation line had settled down into an orderly but illicit commuting, organized, for patriotism or pay, by guides who shuttled back and forth two or three times a week with passengers in tow. Right now nobody seems to know if this smuggling of human beings is still going on, since the Nazis occupy both halves of France. All that is known is that early in February, 1943, the Germans, typically, declared that the demarcation line had been erased but that identification papers or passports, which are precisely what some people either do not possess or most want to hide, must still be shown in order to cross what no longer exists. Early in the spring of 1942 the French were still crossing, for fifty or a hundred francs a head, or for nothing, if poor and in trouble. Then, in May, there was a terrible, little-publicized *rafle*, or raid, on the remaining foreign Jews in Paris, which drastically worsened the chances of anyone's crossing the border. The Nazis ordered that non-French Jewish men, women, and children be separated from one another and sent off, in a new, triple form of segregation, to different camps. When the Gestapo arrived in the Belleville Jewish quarter of Paris to enforce the order, some parents threw themselves and their children, or pushed one another, out of the windows of their homes rather than be separated. A new wild flight of Jews from the rest of Occupied France stampeded the border guides. As a result, the guide fees for everybody, Jew or non-Jew, rose in the tragic competition for flight. Also, the Nazi border patrols, an especially venal lot, boosted their bribery rates or refused to coöperate at all. Then, after the Commandos made their first big Continental raid, on August 19th, at Dieppe, the Nazi restrictions on the movements of the population, which had slackened slightly in the course of two years, suddenly tightened. For passing Jews guides were shot, passing anybody over the line became more difficult, and passing any English-speaking person became dangerous and thus even costlier. Mrs. Jeffries was automatically a bad proposition, from the guides' viewpoint, because, though a Presbyterian, she was a forty-five-year-old American female and therefore regarded as bothersome if everybody should have to cut and run from a Nazi patrol.

TO start dickering for one of these crossings, the regular Parisian phrase was "*Connaissez-vous un passage?*" This was usually addressed to any of the ubiquitous, omniscient, and trusted café waiters who, since the German occupation, have performed a patriotic service and earned a little extra by purveying to Parisians certain anti-Nazi necessities, such as black-market food tips, contraband cigarettes, British radio news, and introductions to border guides. On September 1st, Mrs. Jeffries



"You won't need a check, sir. I'll remember it."

8000
19
180.00

• •

found her waiter. His first offer was an exorbitant demand for eleven thousand francs from a *type* who, upon a refusal, immediately came down to a bargain eight thousand. As was customary, this proposition was offered by a guide's Paris under-cover, or contact, man, who on an every-other-day schedule got together passage parties of a dozen or more people. The guide furnished transportation, exclusive of railroad accommodation, in the shape of hay carts or trucks for long detours on border side roads, and made arrangements for, but didn't pay for, food and lodging en route. For his aid, integrity, organization, and knowledge of the ropes, he charged an over-all service fee. Most of the guides operated in one of five or six topographically convenient crossing points, of which the eastern, being closer to Paris, were the more popular. The Nazis got around, in rotation, to each exit, for a spell methodically watched it like a cat, then went and eyed another place while the mice scurried out through the unplugged holes. During the first week in September, all the eastern passage points were suddenly reported *brûlé*, or hot. The guides got word, through their grapevines, that the Nazi patrols were searching all buses on roads approaching the eastern border crossings; at the same time the Paris Nazis had a temporary fit of checking the identity papers of all travellers leaving by the Gare de Lyon and the Gare d'Austerlitz. Mrs. Jeffries lay low and passed up the eight-thousand bargain.

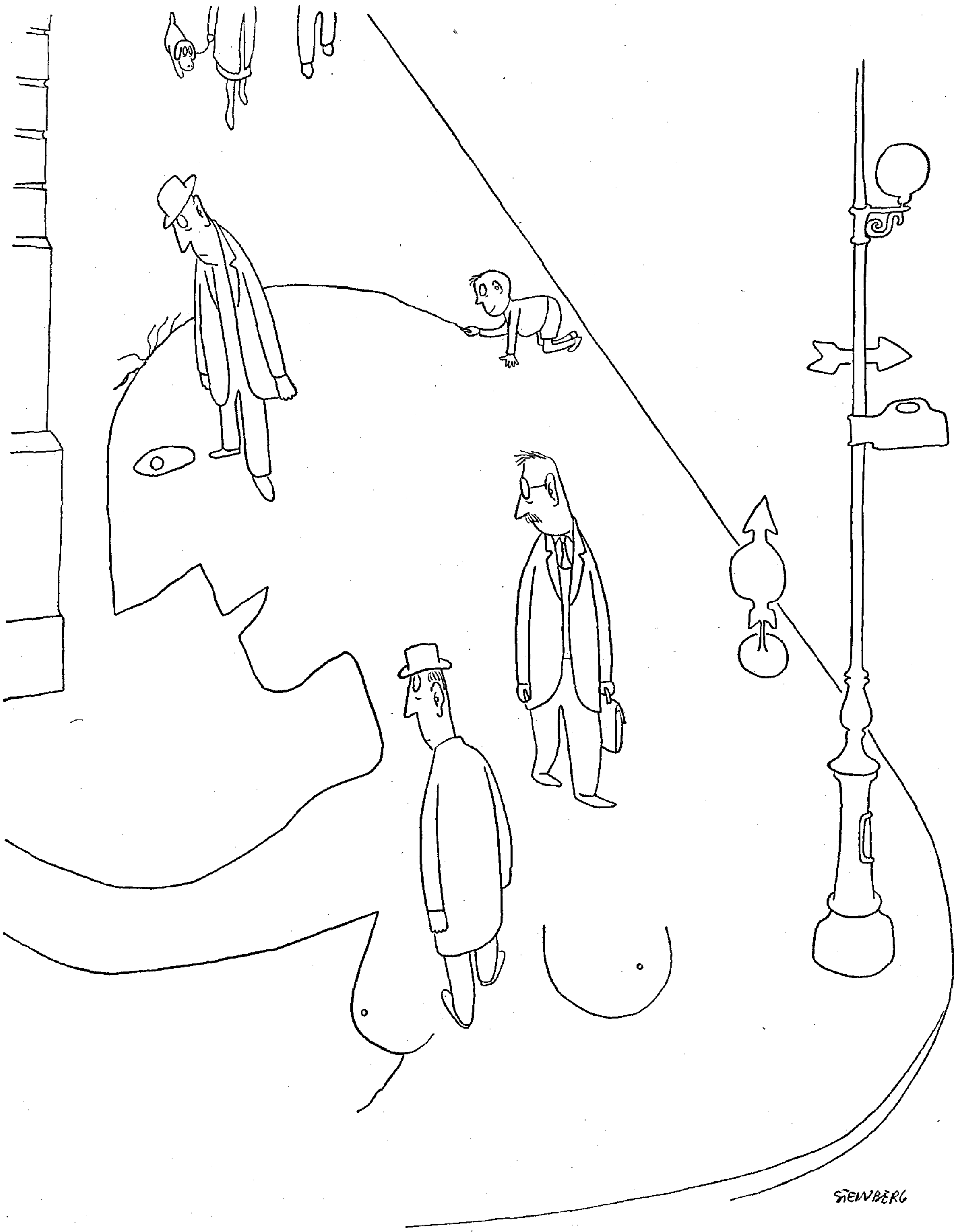
By the middle of September the coast looked clear again. Through a second and better-connected waiter, Mrs. Jeffries paid a rock-bottom five-thousand-franc fee to a bold, brown-eyed, young de Gaullist named René, the contact man for a guide, a big farm-owner in the district through which she was to cross. She sent her luggage to Lyons, the first city in the Unoccupied Zone she was aiming for, by train; it is one of the anomalies of life under the Nazis that property has more right of way than people. For the crossing, René advised her to travel light, with only a rucksack on her back, in case she had to run. On September 16th, he told her to meet him at a certain railroad station the next morning at six in order to fight for a seat on the eight-o'clock train and for the love of God not to talk in public, as her American-accented French was *formidable*. At seven o'clock, by which time Mrs. Jeffries had silently struggled into her seat, René appeared and, busy with last-minute details, asked her to find an extra seat for what he called a friend, who was going with them. Largely by sign language, she wangled a seat in the next coach for the friend, who, from the brief view she had of him, looked to be French, forty-ish, pale, and nervous. After the train had started and she had painfully watched the Tour Eiffel fade from her life and view, she began, irresistibly, to enjoy her journey through rural France. She had not been allowed to travel for nearly two years. Also, she had a fine shoe-box lunch with her. A French woman friend who owned a little place outside Paris had brought her, the day before, three precious fresh hard-boiled eggs, two *pâté maison* sandwiches, and a nearly ripe home-grown pear.

Well before noon and well inside the demarcation border, Mrs. Jeffries, according to plan, got off the train at a small town and walked down the main street to the foot of a hill, where René had said she would find a *bistro*. She found five and, being thirsty, chose the nicest and ordered the customary glass of bad beer. René eventually rolled up in an old Citroën, and with him was the guide. When René introduced her to the guide, Joseph, her stomach, which had turned over in terror whenever she thought about making the crossing, was quieted. Joseph was a middle-aged, bull-necked countryman, paternal, polite, and bustling. René, it developed, was in a hurry to get on to Marseilles. The two men had a confidential conversation, but she could not help overhearing some of it, and she gathered that René was on a gun-running job for de Gaulle and that Joseph planned to hide him in the back of the Citroën under some vegetables and drive him to a railway station on the other side of the border, where René would get back on the train he had just got off. The train, she knew, would be held up for hours at the border while the French and German police inspected *Ausweise* and civil papers, which René apparently never fussed with, hunted in the toilets and under the seats for refugees, and searched passengers for contraband. Contraband was anything portable, precious, and personal left after two years of German occupation; it could be love letters, family messages, trinkets, old furs, more money than your visa said you possessed, or fine jewels.

René and Joseph left on their mission, Joseph promising to return as soon as possible. As Mrs. Jeffries sat alone, drinking her beer, the pale Frenchman of that morning's journey came up and introduced himself as Monsieur Georges. Then he introduced what seemed to be the rest of Joseph's crossing party—three French provincial matrons who said they were sisters, a Jewish Frenchwoman with a sick-looking little boy, three melancholy young Dutch Jews, and a French sailor in uniform. As if France had never been defeated or divided, the sailor had spent his leave, as usual, visiting his mother in Paris and was now on his way back to his ship in Toulon. Georges begged Mrs. Jeffries, on account of her accent, not to talk, and then invited her to play *belote*, a talkative card game. Since she didn't know how, he told her the story of his recent life. He had wanted to fight on the side of noble-hearted Russia and so had volunteered to be smuggled from Paris across the border near Lyons and thence to London to join the de Gaulle army as a mechanic. She asked in a whisper whether he was an airplane or a tank mechanic. He said he was neither; he was an expert maker of frames for ladies' petit-point handbags, the sort formerly sold to the American and now to the German tourist trade. He proudly said that it cost the de Gaulle movement twenty thousand francs to smuggle a man like him from Paris to London. He had false teeth, limp gray hair, spots on his vest, and delicate, artisan's hands. Because Mrs. Jeffries was polite, she didn't say she thought that the Fighting French had made a poor buy.

LATE in the afternoon Joseph returned and moved his party to a second *bistro*, one farther up the hill and near a church. Four Gestapo agents were drinking beer at the *zinc*. Joseph claimed that he could spot them a mile off, because the Gestapo invariably wore ersatz tweeds of either a bilious brown or an unpleasant gray, apparently the only choice left to the Germans, and they always shaved their necks and carried briefcases, neither of these habits French. The waiter at the new *bistro* warned Joseph's party not to talk over their drinks and then cracked off-color jokes, which made the three Gallic matrons laugh hysterically. At five o'clock Joseph led Mrs. Jeffries around the corner to a photographer, who took her picture and made out a false French civilian's identification paper which she would get, complete with her picture, the next day on the other side of the border. He told her that the paper was made out in a Gallic version of her name and warned her not to forget that she was to become, temporarily, Madame Hélène Geoffroi.

Shortly afterward, behind the church, Joseph and Mrs. Jeffries joined the rest of the party, who were huddled against the choir door. Joseph hurriedly piled them all into a waiting butcher's camion and pulled a pair of black curtains tight across the back. Inside they found fragments of suet and dried blood and three more Jews. The camion started



off. Five minutes later, Joseph, who was driving, was stopped for questioning by two German patrolmen. Behind the black curtains the three new Jews whispered nervously, which made everybody else even more nervous. Then the Germans said, "*Heil Hitler und merci*," and the truck set off again. After an hour's drive the truck stopped, Joseph unbuttoned the curtains, and they climbed out. They were in the country, behind a building that will here be described as an old blacksmith's shop. They hurried inside and were put in a new annex, where apparently machine parts were being manufactured. This part of the shop was not yet entirely roofed over, and for the next few hours the party watched the darkening sky and then the stars. As they sat, they could hear an unseen little river frothing against boulders. Joseph had told them that the river, which marked the border, was where they were to cross into the Unoccupied Zone that night and that the rocks were what they were to cross on. No one, not even Monsieur Georges, talked much. It was better not to say anything about where you came from and it was certainly too soon to discuss where you thought you would eventually arrive. Finally they heard two members of the German night patrol approach the shop on their first round. Over the noise of the water and their own thumping hearts, the hidden party listened to the German voices lifted in puffing, pidgin French. Apparently the two Nazis were hungry only for conversation, though Mrs. Jeffries heard Joseph offer them chocolate. He did not offer them cigarettes or money, the two other things German soldiers have an appetite for.

The party was to cross at nine. At ten minutes to nine, Joseph brought in a young peasant whom he called his nephew. He looked nothing like Joseph. He was big, stalwart, and dressed only in swimming trunks. Joseph explained that the river was no more than four feet deep and that if anyone fell in, not to scream, because his nephew, who would be standing in the middle, would come to the rescue. "We have him here to tranquillize the ladies," Joseph added gravely. Then, less confidently, he said that the Nazi patrol ought to be a quarter of a mile away by then but that one never could tell about those monsters. Everyone was instructed to crouch while crossing the river, in order to be less visible and a smaller target in case the Nazis came back and started to fire. The party was to cross rapidly and one by one.

MERRY OLD SOULS

Old Ben Franklin was a merry old soul,
He walked up Market Street munching a roll,
And a girl laughed loud, and her laughter was so ranklin'
That old Ben Franklin made her Mrs. Ben Franklin.

Old Julius Caesar was a merry old soul,
To be a Roman emperor was all his goal;
But he put away the crown; he was such an old teaser
That the mob put the finger on Gaius Julius Caesar.

Old Isaac Newton was a merry old soul,
He invented gravitation when out for a stroll,
And no one up to now has succeeded in refutin'
The good old hypothesis of old Isaac Newton.

Old Savonarola was a merry old soul,
He held all of Florence under rigid control;
The people didn't like it, and doped his Coca-Cola,
And then they heated Florence with old Savonarola.

Rabelais also was a merry old soul;
Many of his writings are very, very droll;
Censors in the customhouse treat him rather shabbily
By cutting out the better bits of Master Francis Rabelais.

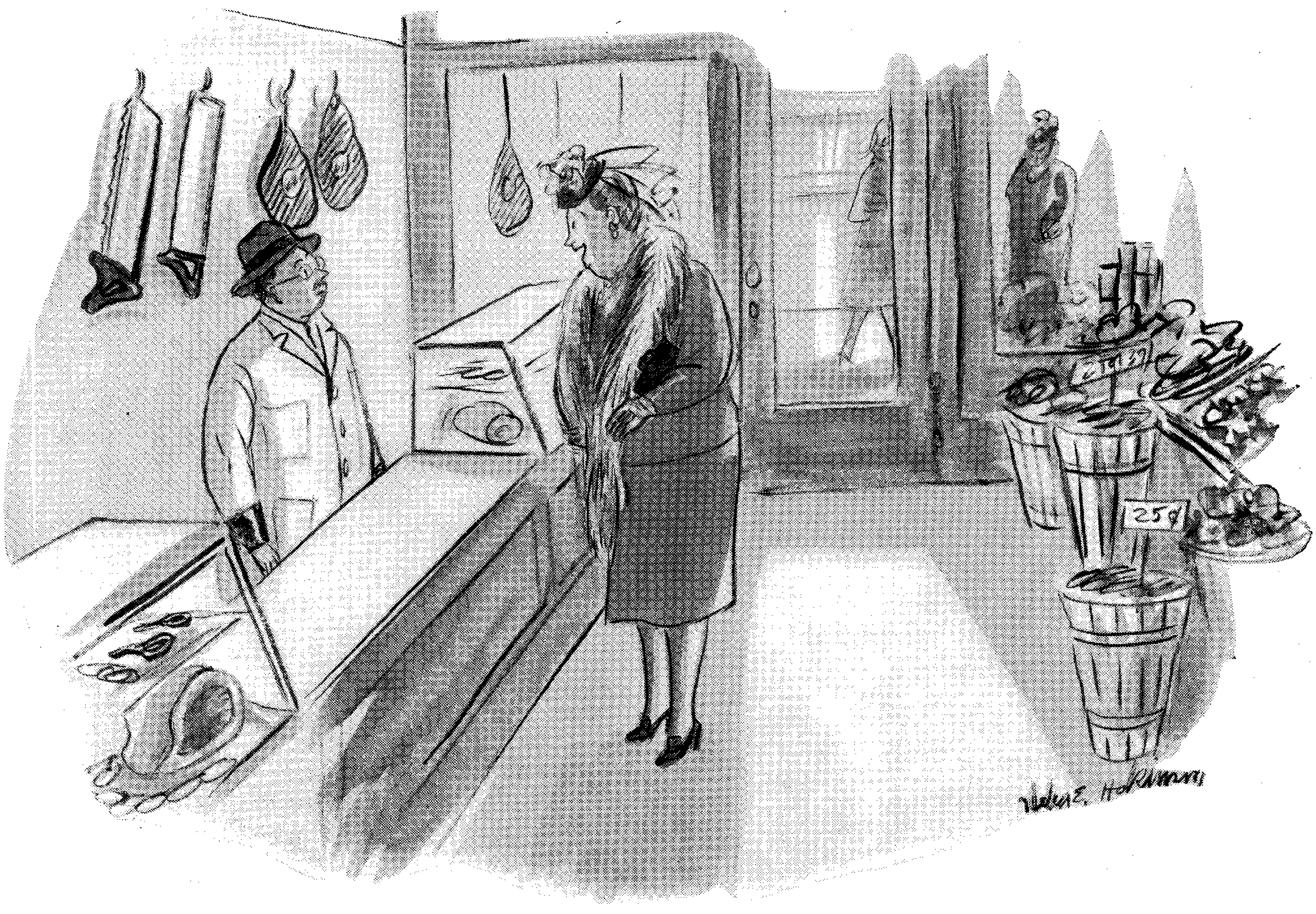
—Morris Bishop

• •

Everybody filed out of the blacksmith shop and to the edge of the river. Mrs. Jeffries followed the French sailor. Crossing the river, she could see, on the far side, the pompon of his cap silhouetted against the stars. As she stepped, crouching, on the third boulder, she put one foot on the hem of her raincoat and almost fell in. The unlikely nephew, chest-deep in the water, laughed and whispered, "*Courage*." When Mrs. Jeffries got to the other side of the little river, she ran, still crouching, for a quarter of a mile through a field of stubble. Finally she came to a dirt road that led to a village. Then, as already instructed by Joseph, she turned to the right and knocked at the door of the second cottage. A fat, red-faced young woman opened the door. When Mrs. Jeffries asked if she were Joseph's aunt, she nodded indifferently. Falsehoods and the pounding heart of someone who had just run the line meant nothing to her. Fugitives were a business. Without being asked, she said that Mrs. Jeffries could have a bed to herself for fifty francs. Apparently Joseph, like a capitalist carefully splitting up his investments, had distributed his party all over the neighborhood.

Mrs. Jeffries inspected the bed. It looked filthy and stank in memory of other refugees who had lain on it, maybe trembling the way Mrs. Jeffries trembled now. From her rucksack she took out a bottle of perfume and sprinkled the pillow, and then tried, unsuccessfully, to eat one of the hard-boiled eggs. She went to bed with her clothes on. The combination of the bed smell and the perfume made her sick, but there was nothing in the room to be sick in, so she forced herself to go to sleep. In the morning the fat young woman gave her acorn coffee and a slice of sour gray bread. She took the fifty francs agreed upon and absorbed another fifty as tip because she had not asked Madame to sign a lodger's slip, as the law demands. For fugitives, every evasion of the law is a luxury which must be paid for extra, though unofficial kindnesses often come free of charge.

Joseph had told Mrs. Jeffries to go to the local *épicerie* after breakfast and ask the owner for her false French civilian paper. Like a prestidigitator, the grocer obligingly pulled it out of the inside of his old hat. Then he pointed down the empty road and said, "Joseph said to walk that way. You'll meet a truck." After walking a mile in the mild sun, she sat down under a tree to smoke, to wonder what had happened to the truck, and to look at herself, and her new life history, as Madame Hélène Geoffroi. The photograph was nothing like her and the paper said that she had been born in Normandy in a town she



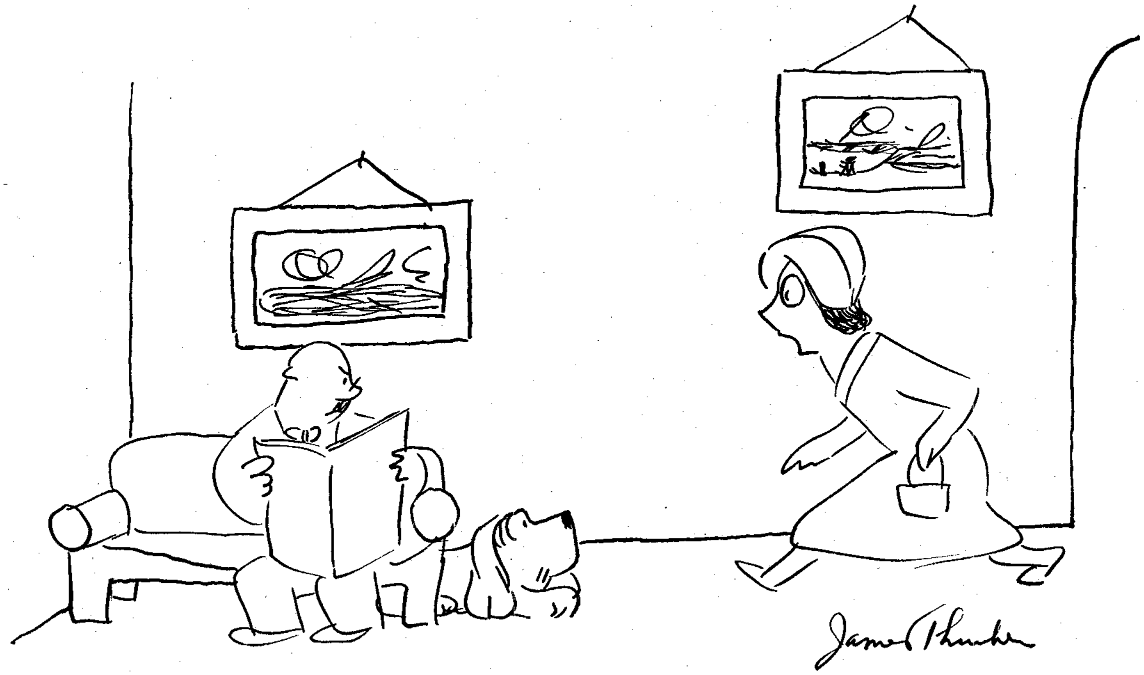
"Am I in your good graces today, Mr. Klopnagle?"

had never heard of. A truck rattled by, stopped, and backed up; it contained Joseph and the rest of his party. "You will never get to New York sitting down like that," he called, and they all laughed excitedly. Everyone, even the melancholy Jews, seemed united by a temporary sort of gaiety because of the success of what they had been through together the night before.

At noon they pulled up at one of those modest country inns famed for generations for its cuisine. The black-market luncheon proved to be finer than anything Mrs. Jeffries had sampled since France fell—multiple hors-d'œuvres, delicious local trout (it being Friday), grilled chops, two vegetables, ripe cheese, fruit compote, and a serious Burgundy. Monsieur Georges, who sat beside her, remarked how wise he had been to put his false teeth in his breast pocket before the crossing. He had been afraid that, as he jumped for the rocks, the teeth might fall out of his face. Mrs. Jeffries paid a luncheon check of seven hundred francs, or seven dollars. The waiter had regarded Georges as her husband and had put him on her bill. After the tasty barley coffee, the chef-owner of the place came in to receive compliments on his food. He said that he had run a *fin bec* restaurant at Menton until the Italians came but that he did not like macaroni cooking. Being both an artist and a patriot, he had moved away.

AFTER lunch Mrs. Jeffries and Georges, who were bound for Lyons, said goodbye to the rest of the party. Where the others were going, or trying to go, they alone knew. On saying goodbye to Joseph, Mrs. Jeffries thanked him with real emotion. He must have been used to that. All he said was *"Ce n'est rien, Madame. À votre service."* He was going back to the *bistro* on the hill and tomorrow night he and another party would be crossing the river. A local guide named Jean, who did odd jobs for Joseph, was detailed to the Lyons contingent, which was joined by an elderly Serb underground worker. They were to sit up in the restaurant until three in the morning, walk to the nearest railway station, and catch an early train for Lyons. There Jean would introduce them in a certain café, where a patriot (as in French Revolutionary times, today all the pals among *le peuple* are patriots) would tip them off to some safe rooms to live in. As Madame Hélène Geoffroi, Mrs. Jeffries tried to show her false paper to the ticket taker at the station next morning. Though under orders from the Vichy police to check up on all travellers, he didn't bother to glance at her forgery, which disappointed her.

Owing to a saboteur's wreck on the main line, their train was four hours late, and they wearily arrived at eleven in the morning at the Lyons café. There a peppery young Fighting Frenchman, Marcel, who had expected only Jean, and him on time, flew into a temper at the sight of an unexpected American woman, an unexplained old Serb, and the unwelcome Georges. As one of the local Fighting French authorities, Marcel ordered Georges back to Paris because he considered him something de Gaulle would not have as a gift. Suspicious and arrogant, Marcel then shut up like a clam, refusing aid to any of them. Apologetically, the Serb



"I had the strangest feeling in the elevator that I was changing into Clare Luce."

• •

offered Mrs. Jeffries the address of a compatriot's boarding house which was reported to have nice food. With her rucksack still on her back, she took three wrong trams to the outskirts of Lyons, walked up four long, wrong streets, and finally managed to arrive, weeping with fatigue, at what turned out to be an ordinary French lodging house for men workers. "Ah, if Madame were only not a woman," the patriot proprietor wailed. He nevertheless offered to give her lunch in his barracklike dining room, where about a hundred workmen were already feeding. However, as the Serb had prophesied, the stew was excellent. While Madame was still reviving herself on it, he walked in. He apologized for intruding and said he had worried about her. It occurred to Mrs. Jeffries at that moment that for the past two years in Paris she had lived her quiet, expatriate, familiar existence without difficulties and also without anyone's help. In Lyons she was a stranger and in a bad way. It was over her stew that she realized that the war had indeed reclassified people; that to those in trouble people had now become very kind or very cruel or as indifferent as stones. At the Serb's kindness she started crying again.

Like friendly homing pigeons, Mrs. Jeffries and the Serb returned to the café. It was closed. From behind the door the owner shouted that the police were expecting an anti-Vichy riot and to get off the streets, quick. Mrs. Jeffries and the Serb ran down the street. At the first hotel they came to, he pushed her in and, still running, disappeared. When she asked for lodging, the woman at the desk calmly offered her a bathroom to sleep in. The city was jammed; the annual commercial fair, the famous Foire de Lyon, was opening that week, just as if war and riots were routine and just as if the fair would show something besides ersatz. When Mrs. Jeffries handed over her false French civilian paper, which, if she spent the night even in the bathroom, would have to be copied on a *fiche* to be presented to the police the next morning, the woman said sharply, "French? With that accent?" Mrs. Jeffries, a poor liar, lamely murmured that she had been brought up in America. "You should say that with more conviction," the woman replied, and put the *fiche* into a desk drawer. Alarmed, Mrs. Jeffries casually strolled out onto the street, then ran back to the café, where, on the deserted sidewalk, the Serb and the angry Marcel were arguing. Marcel became even angrier when she told him of the suspicion which her false French paper had aroused. He declared that since she was an American she hadn't needed such a paper in the first place, that her Parisian *carte d'identité* sufficed in Vichy France, and that if the woman squealed, all of Joseph's papers forged by that particular photographer for foreigners who did need them would become hot. While tearing up her Geoffroi paper, he forbade Mrs. Jeffries to return to the hotel. When she said that she had to sleep somewhere and that she hadn't had her clothes off for two nights, he unexpectedly apologized. Rather grudgingly, he invited her to stay the night with him, explaining that he was sleeping, *sub rosa,* in a collaborationist uncle's flat and that both he and she would have to be up and out before seven the next morning, when the uncle was returning from a big business trip. Marcel said that his family were bitterly divided; half were de Gaullists like himself and the other half were like the rich, Pétainist, avuncular swine. While they were still talking, the café reopened, and she was able to get a much-needed glass of weak beer. Apparently the riot had been called off.

That evening, after dinner, she took a Saturday-night bath in the collaborationist's luxurious bathtub. Next morning, early, she made both beds, as womanly thanks for the hospitality, and by seven Marcel had installed her in the centre of Lyons in what called itself a hotel but was really three floors of furnished rooms over a side-street shop. The hotel did not register its lodgers on any *fiche* and had no breakfasts, hot water, or closets. The clothes cupboard in her room was a length of pink cretonne stretched diagonally across one corner on a string, not nearly big enough to hold her clothes when she picked up her trunk, which had come through more easily than she had. She was to live in this room for the next eight weeks, which was the length of time it would take her to get the solemn, legal papers necessary for her to leave France illegally. The Nazis have upset the law, the logic, and the sense of humor of all Europe.

—JANET FLANNER

(This is the first part of a three-part article on the escape of an American woman from Paris. The two other parts will appear in our next two issues.)

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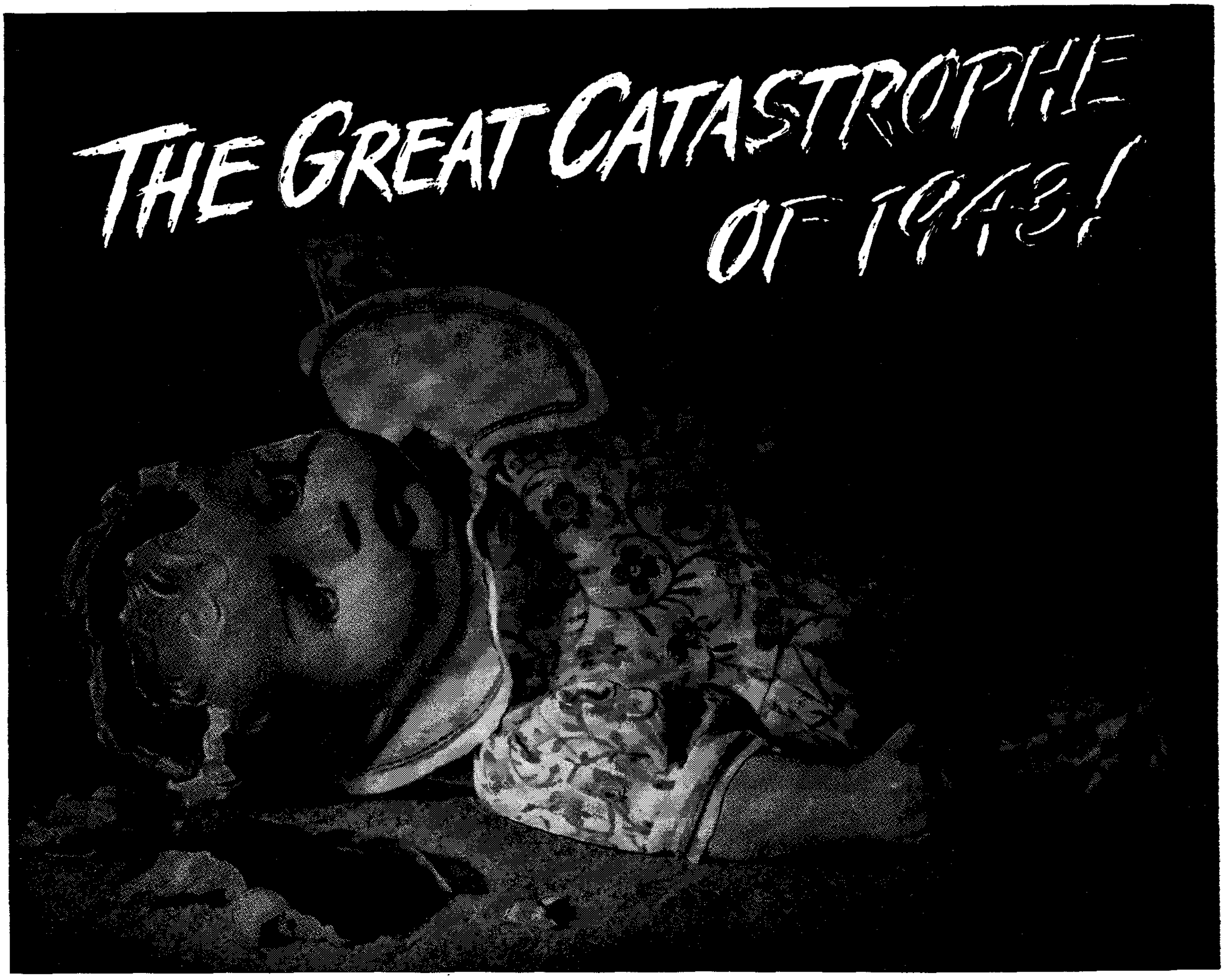
NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

Where I work now, our janitor makes our noon coffee. He makes the best coffee in Chicago, yet he has only one eye.



"It was exactly ten o'clock. I know, because I'm sittin' there with my brother-in-law and his wife, and they just got through sayin' it's ten o'clock and they better get home, when suddenly the lights go out. 'That's funny,' I says. 'Yeah, must be something the matter,' my brother-in-law says, 'call 'em up and ast 'em.' So I'm huntin' for the phone, and nearly break my neck when I step on the kid's doll, and then I pick up the phone and there don't nobody answer."

With some such homespun speech as this would many an American commence his version of the Great Catastrophe of 1943 — if by some freak of natural phenomena every electric line in the country should suddenly go dead.

Imagine, if you can, this entire nation without electricity, barely 70 years after the first electric lines appeared. "Brother, I want to tell you that was one hell of a mess," the sidewalk historian would go on to say. And he'd tell how industry, without power for its electric machines, stopped dead. How transportation got tangled, and all communications were out. How food began to spoil, and fuel supplies dwindled, and cities were without water. And how ignorance and fear fanned the growing national panic as the dread spectres, Crime, Famine and Disease swept over the land.

Preposterous? Certainly. Yet we can think of no more graphic way of illustrating our national dependence today upon the electrical industry. And that entire industry — with its countless products and blessings — was made possible by a relatively few basic precision machine tools!

Jones & Lamson was in at the very birth of the Electrical Age in America, and literally millions of different parts, products and machines have stemmed from machine tools designed and developed by this one company.

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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

OF ALL THINGS

Adolf Hitler is rushing around strengthening the unsteady walls of Fortress Europe. It seems that he is also having a lot of trouble with a leaky roof.

•

There is a lesson for everybody in Mussolini's sad fate. The Duce has learned that you should never kick a man unless you're absolutely sure that he's down.

•

The inhabitants of Tunis say that during the Axis occupation they were given plenty of Nazi propaganda but no food. It's hard to sustain life on a diet of Goebbeloney.

•

Franco, who was once positive that the Axis would win the war, now guesses that it will be a tie. The Generalissimo is getting warmer.

•

After the war there will probably be some new form of currency for the settlement of international obligations. It is understood, though, that Germany is to be paid back in her own coin.

•

Some Republicans are toying with the idea of getting Douglas MacArthur to run for President. The General, however, will probably be too busy running for Japs.

•

The War Production Board announces that we have enough war plants to beat the Axis. All we have to do now is pick the crop.

•

Despite wartime restrictions, many New Yorkers manage to get out to the race tracks. Still, that's probably better than sitting around in low bingo dives.

•

It was good to hear of the surrender of large numbers of German troops to the French forces. Some people had begun to fear that this delightful old custom had become obsolete.

•

Americans are always happy to hear that Cousin Winston is a guest at the White House. There is some talk of raising a fund to buy him a commutation ticket.

—Howard Brubaker

THE EXPLOSION OF PROFESSOR SHOREHAM

IN the three years I worked on the Eastland *Gazette*, I don't think I ever saw Mac Prescott, the city editor, madder than when Professor Roscoe Shoreham exploded fifteen minutes before the deadline on the city edition. The blast wrecked the Gourmet Restaurant and Oyster Bar, which was only a block from the *Gazette* office, and although, strangely enough, it didn't kill anyone except Professor Shoreham, eight people were injured in the scramble to get out.

I was sitting at my desk, just finishing a story and figuring on going down to Jake's place for a few beers, when it happened. The office shook a little and there was a dull, crumpy sound like the one a cardboard box makes when you step on it. Mac's head bobbed up and he looked around.

"What in hell was that?" he said. "You better take a look, but don't be all night about it. We don't hold the paper for anything less than a murder."

I got there in about two minutes. When I first looked at the place, from the other side of the street, I thought the boiler had blown up or maybe the refrigerating plant. The whole front of the restaurant was blown out and the big plate-glass window was scattered over the street in a million pieces. The window had been full of a display of oysters, lobsters, salads, and bottles of beer, and when I started to cross the street I slipped on some oysters and nearly fell. I remember noticing out of the corner of my eye that two parked cars were spattered with sea food and pieces of celery.

Inside the restaurant, there were cries for help. People were fighting their way toward the door and scrambling over broken furniture. Just about that time Police Sergeant Tim Flaherty came running down the street and together we pushed our way in.

After a while the confusion began to die down as the customers discovered that they weren't dead after all and decided that the roof wasn't going to fall in. While Tim was herding them out, I found Nick Popolos, the proprietor. He was standing in a corner near the door to the kitchen, rubbing his hands and looking dazed.

"What happened?" I asked him.

He didn't reply, and I had to repeat the question twice before he seemed to come to. Then he stopped rubbing his hands and looked at me. "Explosion," he said.

"What exploded?"

He looked at me for about half a minute before he answered. Then he said, "Professor Shoreham. One of my best customers."

I must have looked startled myself, for Nick smiled apologetically and started rubbing his hands again.

"How much damage?" I asked.

"Twenty thousand," said Nick. "Twenty thousand three dollars and eighty-five cents, counting the Professor's check. He didn't pay that."

"Naturally," I said. "Unless, of course, he was just ready to leave."

"No, he wasn't leaving. He just ordered another beer when he blew up."

"Why did he blow up?"

"I dunno," said Nick, shrugging. "Maybe he didn't feel good."

"Did he say he wasn't feeling well?"

"Not to me. He seemed to be feeling fine. He drank nine, maybe ten, glasses of beer."

I made a note of the number. "Do you think it was the beer that did it?" I asked Nick.

Nick got indignant. "My beer make him explode? I should say not! My beer's good beer. Never made anybody explode!"

I made a note of that, too. While I was writing, Nick turned toward the kitchen door.

"Hey!" I called after him. "Are you protected by insurance?"

He just shrugged and went through the swinging door.

By this time the ambulance had arrived and the doctor was patching up the customers who had been hurt. Somebody had turned in a fire alarm, too, and the street was full of engines. I knew it was getting near our deadline, but I wasn't quite satisfied about the thing in my own mind, so I went up to the doctor. He was putting iodine on a middle-aged man who had been hit by a flying lobster.

"Listen, Doc," I said, "Nick here says that Professor Shoreham exploded. What do you think caused it?"

"Don't ask me," he said.

I went back to the kitchen, where

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there was a telephone, and called Mac. He listened to the story and then said, "What made the guy explode?"

"I can't find out," I told him. "There's nothing left of him. Can't find a trace."

"There can't be any autopsy, then," said Mac. "Why in hell don't you get somebody who saw it? Here it is five minutes to the deadline and you call in a story without knowing the most important thing about it. Do you think you're a reporter?"

I could hear him swearing for some time.

Finally he said, "Hop back here and write the story. Don't waste any more time around there."

As I came into the office, he called me over to his desk.

"On that story," he said, "make it read, 'Professor Roscoe Shoreham, well-known educator, et cetera, et cetera, was killed instantly last night by an explosion which wrecked the et cetera, et cetera.' Understand?"

"Sure," I replied. "But he really exploded."

"I don't give a damn if he turned into a monkey," said Mac. "Nobody would believe us if we printed it."

—JOHN M. COOPER

•

LETTER FROM AN AIRPLANE-SPOTTER

I have seen what you have not—
A morning moon burn red and hot
Above a dull, unpolished bay
As lifeless as a pewter tray,
Yet beautiful with soundlessness;
I stared upon that boundlessness,
Infatuated, coldly charmed,
Forlorn, enchanted, and alarmed.

The moon swung down the sloping dark,
There flashed a contact, spark to spark,
Of spinning worlds beyond this world;
The blind, gray ocean slowly whirled
Upon its earthly axle-spit,
And moon and sky revolved with it.

—PATIENCE EDEN

•

They may be reëlected for three years, but at the end of six years cannot be reëlected to the same office until at least one year has passed. Elder Elmer Condit and trustee C. R. Taft completed their sex years so were not eligible for reëlection. —*Church News, St. Cloud Presbyterian Church, West Orange, N. J.*

Little left for them any more.

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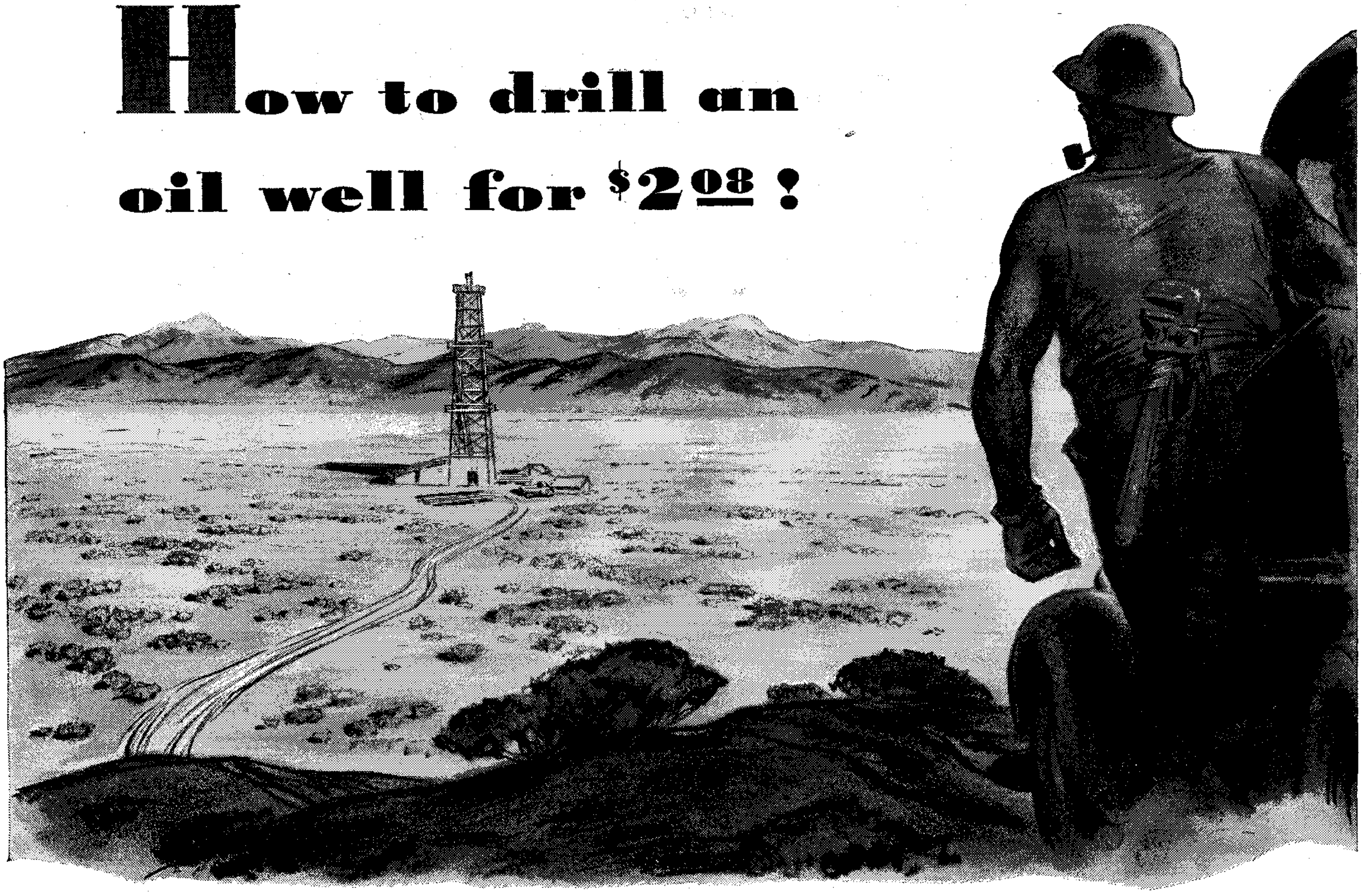
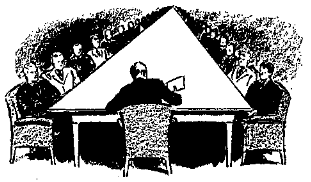
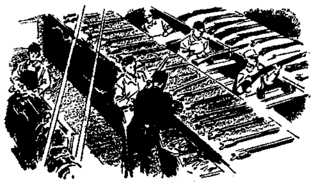


1. The average oil well, drilled by Union Oil Company in California, costs $65,888. If you were to divide that expense between two men, it would cost them $32,944 apiece. But if you divide it among 31,652 people, as we do, the average cost to each person is only $2.08.

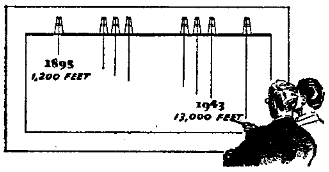


2. For the Union Oil Company is owned not by one man, or two, but by 31,652 men and women. In this principle of *multiple ownership* you have the secret of America's amazing ability to produce more goods (at lower prices) than any other nation on the face of the earth.

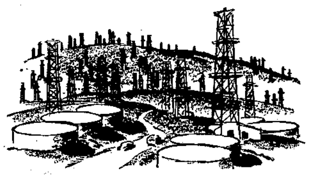
3. Multiple ownership has made our kind of peacetime living, *and our kind of war production,* possible. Here's why. In the old days, when everything from shoes to rifles was made by hand, almost any business could be financed and operated by one man.



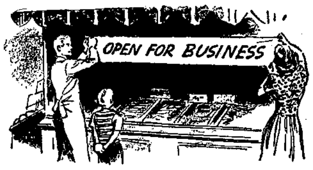
4. But with the advent of the machine age, many businesses began to require more money (for plants, machinery, research, etc.) than any one man could put up. In the 1890's, for example, you could drill an oil well in the California fields for about $2,500.



5. Today, because we go so much deeper and use such expensive equipment, *it costs almost 26 times as much.* There aren't very many men who can finance that kind of drilling single-handed. For out of 169 exploratory wells drilled by the industry in California last year, *only 5 proved of any importance.*



6. But under our system of Free Enterprise, we Americans have been able to *pool the money and the talents of a lot of people!* We do this under a legal agreement known as a corporation. That way, we can tackle certain operations *collectively* that we could never handle alone.



7. If we're going to start a farm or a drug store, or a machine shop we still do it single-handed. But if we're going to make something like steel, gasoline, light bulbs, automobiles, refrigerators, house paint, window panes, bathroom fixtures, etc., we get other people to go in with us.

8. As a result, we've been able to achieve the highest standard of living, and the greatest war production in the world. *Multiple ownership* is not the only phase of our Free Enterprise system that has made this possible. But it's so important, that without it, our American way of life could never have been.

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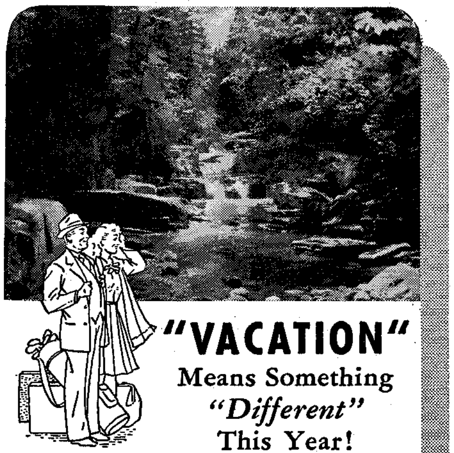

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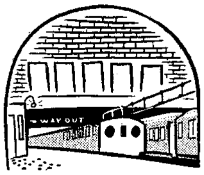
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 16 (BY CABLE)



BROMIDIC as it may sound, British hearts have been too full for words over the final Allied victory in North Africa. The press and radio did plenty of noisy exulting the day the great news arrived, but in the homes that sent the boys out the thankfulness was so quiet that a caller from Mars might have had difficulty deciding whether the inhabitants were on the winning or the losing side. West End parties were fairly gay that evening and the pubs ran out of beer a little earlier than usual, but Piccadilly Circus has often been a good deal rowdier on a prewar boat-race night. Perhaps the public reaction would have been more obviously jubilant if the Prime Minister had been here to announce the glad tidings with one of those galvanizing speeches of his. As it was, Mr. Clement Attlee, who, as deputy, had the job of making the conventional announcement to Parliament, would certainly have further misled the listener from Mars. This visitor might easily have concluded, but for the cheers from the floor of Parliament, that Mr. Attlee's measured piece of oratory was no more than a judiciously composed statement on municipal drainage. Maybe the real ovation is being saved for Mr. Churchill on his return. Meanwhile, during these last few days, Londoners' smiling faces have told the story as well as any words could.

The English had apparently been as convinced as the Germans were that the Eighth Army would do the final clean-up, but the First has now belatedly come in for its share of the credit. Moscow's satisfaction, too, has immensely contributed to London's. Commuting businessmen on suburban trains, looking up from their papers to crow, "See what Stalin says about it?," sounded as contented as though the silent chap next door had at last leaned across the fence and commented pleasantly on a prize squash.

IT seems appropriate that today, when the bells are ringing all over England, should have been set aside for celebrating the third birthday of the Home Guard, that army of dogged citizens who may not be as seasoned or as photo-

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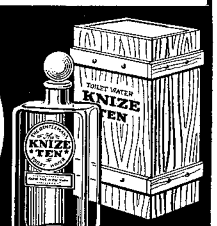

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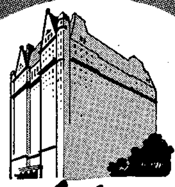

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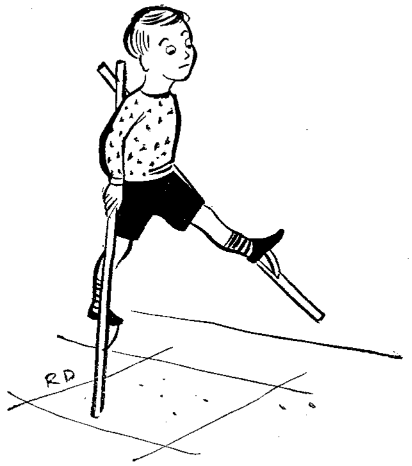
genic as the Eighth and First Armies but to whom Britons have equally sound reasons for being grateful. Last week's May weather and breath-taking events in Africa turned the thoughts of many people back to another May, when the evacuation of the moment wasn't from Cape Bon and when the question everybody was asking wasn't the current "Where do we go from there?" but "When are they arriving here?" Mr. Churchill's broadcast, warning that it's still possible they will arrive here, may even have sounded like good news to the home guards, fresh from reading their birthday good wishes in the press, which told them what a fine show they would have put up in an invasion if an invasion had ever taken place. In answer to Mr. Churchill's remarks, lots of the old-timers, who back in 1940 were sitting on hilltops nursing Grandfather's sporting rifle and looking for Germans, probably began to finger their new Sten guns with fresh hopefulness.

NOW that the danger of unduly frightening the populace no longer exists, the government has announced that, owing to the demands upon shipping made by the African campaign, the food situation here was in a rather groggy state for a while. Lord Woolton, who the other day was described as a "national uncle" by someone in the House of Commons, apparently forced his potato-eating campaign upon his stodged nephews and nieces with good reason. Potatoes may be a luxury in the States now, but during the emergency they were really our daily bread here, for at one point it was very dubious whether enough grain could be brought from overseas to supply everyone's table with its customary loaf. Lord Woolton's estimate of how well existing food stocks are likely to stand the strain of the next twelve months, when shipping will



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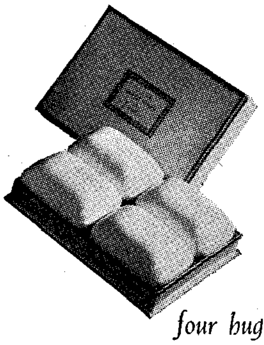

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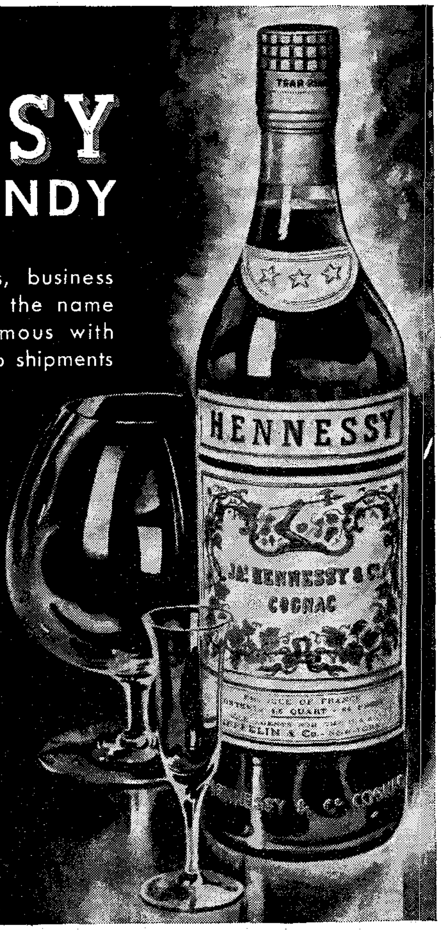

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probably once more be a major problem, was reassuring. The only disappointment in what he had to say was felt by those who had hoped that the first fruits of the Battle of Africa might turn out to be nice citrus ones. Uncle Woolton firmly ended any lip-smacking notions that oranges and maybe a few casks of Algerian wine might be slipped aboard returning ships as ballast by announcing that strictly necessary cargoes, such as phosphates and nut oils, were what his ministry wanted from North Africa.

THE much debated speech of Mr. Herbert Morrison, declaring that the great postwar issue in this country would be the relationship between the state and industry, almost coincided, oddly, with the quiet but elegant war wedding between the state and the drama which took place last week in Bristol. The British have a queer way with their national monuments. The Theatre Royal at Bristol, built in 1766 and England's oldest existing theatre, somehow survived the city's blitzes but was sentenced anyhow to be pulled down last year to make way for a lovely new warehouse. It was saved by the admirable state-financed body for which someone has thought up the fearsome name of the Council for the Encouragement of Music and Arts, or what most people just call the C.E.M.A. The Council has taken over the Royal as England's first national theatre, and last Tuesday the Old Vic company opened there in a brilliant performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," which Garrick first played on the selfsame boards.

This double revival was C.E.M.A.'s first really publicized achievement, but the organization has, with the help of the Treasury, been doing a fine job, arranging picture exhibitions up and down the country, taking plays to mining villages which often enough had never seen one, putting on classical concerts for workers during lunch hours, and sponsoring ballet performances in Midlands factories. Lots of Britons, while applauding the C.E.M.A., have been rather shocked at realizing that it took the uncivilized horrors of war to get such a civilized idea going.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

1. Insert knife between top flaps of cover as illustrated and cut.
2. If no knife is available, grasp edge of top flap with fingers and tear open.
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If your fingers are busy, kick the slats right out of it.

THE ARMY LIFE

XXXII—HOMEWARD

TEN years ago, or maybe even less, anyone who completed a successful crossing of the Pacific by air not only was regarded as lucky and foolhardy but stood a good chance of being acclaimed as the performer of a prodigious feat. Today the members of the rather inclusive and informal society known as the Short Snorter Club—for membership in which anybody who has flown across any ocean, even a small one like the Atlantic, is eligible—are so numerous that the entrance of an initiate into their ranks is a matter of interest to nobody except, possibly, the initiate. I recently flew across the Pacific, from Australia to California, and it was a much less eventful flight than many I have made over drier and shorter courses. Once, while I was being jolted along from Cleveland to Chicago, an otherwise thoughtful hostess spilled a whole cardboard container of coffee on my best suit, a gabardine, and I arrived at my destination, according to an inelegant friend who met me, smelling like an unwashed cup. Nothing half so exciting as that occurred over the Pacific. Although we were in the air for more than forty hours in our series of hops, we never encountered weather rough enough to cause the other passengers and myself to fasten our safety belts. It would be untrue to say that we weren't aware of the possibility that we might find ourselves in a position in which we would be pleased if a seagull landed on our heads, but it is difficult to feel a sense of impending doom when you are cruising steadily and smoothly over mile after mile of seemingly placid water. Except for two minor inconveniences, our trip could have been considered comfortable by any standards. One was that the seats on which we dozed all the way to Hawaii were removed there, and we spent the last, long lap squirming unhappily on mail sacks. The other was that we were forbidden to smoke inside the plane.

I hadn't expected to be ordered back from Australia as soon as I was, and why I was is, as we soldiers like to say under lay cross-examination, none of your business. I had supposed that I would be stationed in the Southwest Pacific Area until at least the end of the war, and was therefore surprised and elated at the thought of going home. While steaming out of San Francisco on our way to the South Seas, and during the many months we lived there, both in Australia and New Guinea, the men in my company had frequently dwelt fondly on the blissful day when we would sail back under the Golden Gate Bridge or catch sight of some equally homey landmark. It had taken us weeks to make the westward crossing. By air, I knew, the trip would take only three or four days—two or three calendar days, because of the International Date Line. I hoped my family wouldn't receive too much of a shock when I called them up from California and told them I was home, or at any rate a mere three thousand land miles from home. None of the passengers were allowed to send cablegrams beforehand hinting that they were on their way. We found our departure hard to believe ourselves until a sergeant, weighing our baggage in a dimly lighted hangar on the night we left, matter-of-factly scribbled the name of our destination on a tag with the bored, casual manner of a man who had been through the same routine many times before and wished we would take off so he could go to bed.

THERE were eight passengers besides myself: a general and two aides, with all of whom I had served in the Southwest Pacific; an Army Air Forces navigator going home for a rest after having been wounded on a bombing mission; a Navy lieutenant from a torpedo-boat squadron; two civilian representatives of a plane-manufacturing firm, who had been in Australia observing their product in action and wildly accumulating souvenirs; and a war correspondent. As we waited for the ground crew to get our huge, four-motored transport ready, we were given a mimeographed set of regulations telling us how to behave while aboard and instructing us always to wear our lifebelts in the air. We wandered over to a booth where the ubiquitous American Red Cross was handing out coffee and doughnuts, said goodbye to some American friends who, gallantly concealing their envy, had driven to the field to see us off, and were roundly kissed farewell by a number of Aussie girls serving as chauffeurs for American Army officers. Some of us were wearing winter uniforms and some our summer ones. It developed that all of us were dressed wrong. Those of us in light clothes shivered while we were flying and those in heavy ones suffered whenever we came down on a tropical island. We were in the air just a bit more than half of the time we spent crossing the ocean, so our complaints about the heat and the cold were almost evenly divided.

It was a little after midnight when we climbed aboard, tied our orange-colored lifebelts around us, and settled back in our seats. I couldn't see the other passengers in the dark interior of the plane. Our chairs were the sort of reclining type you might find on any Stratoliner. The most nervous moment of the entire flight came right at the start when, as we soared off the ground, long streaks of blue flame burst from a couple of the motors. A member of the crew scuttled back from the nose of the ship and pressed his face against one of the windows, shining a flashlight on the guilty motors and looking, I thought, apprehensive. Presently, without saying a word, he went back, and a moment later the flames died down. We didn't learn until morning what had happened; then we heard that the pyrotechnical display had been merely the result of too rich a mixture of fuel and that everything had been under control all along.

We landed just after dawn at an Army airfield on New Caledonia, and while we were fumbling for cigarettes we got a good look at each other. The war correspondent had equipped himself for the ride with an armful of paper-backed novels, which he graciously offered to share with us. Before the trip was over, I had read one and a half detective stories and a rather cloudy novel entitled "Gypsy Lover." The rest of us hadn't brought much reading matter, but I did have two roasted chickens, which a generous lady had cooked for me and packed into a bon-voyage hamper. The chickens provided us with several fine if slightly greasy snacks. As a matter of fact, we were well fed throughout the trip. There were sandwiches and coffee on the plane and more robust meals wherever we stopped. Our first breakfast, at an American Army mess on a dusty, red-clay, New Caledonian hill, consisted of fruit, bacon, hot cakes and syrup, milk, coffee, and one egg. The mess boy, a native,

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was apologetic when he informed us that there was a restriction on eggs, and told us, by way of making amends, that each of us could have his egg cooked according to his own taste. I said I'd have mine fried, sunny side up, and he nodded understandingly, as so many one-time strangers in the Pacific now do in response to American jargon.

While enjoying my egg, I met the crew of our plane. They were civilians, but, like most civilians who have anything to do with the Army in a theatre of operations, they were in uniform. They had been flying all over the world during the past year and agreed that on the whole they preferred the African run. "That Cairo!" said a youthful navigator enthusiastically. "That's the place for me." He added that he didn't particularly mind flying across the Pacific but that it got dull riding over all that open water without even a Shepheard's Hotel at the other end. Our crew had flown in from the United States just nine hours before heading back and were due to be relieved by a fresh bunch at Hawaii. They were glad to be getting off there; they understood you could buy pretty good shoes in Honolulu, and without a ration card.

IT was early in the morning when we took off again. The motors once more belched blue flame, and we all nodded to each other knowingly. We reached our second stop, one of the Fiji Islands, in time for a late lunch at an American officers' club.

The camp we stayed in there was a far more imposing military reservation than the ones we had been used to in New Guinea and Australia, and it showed how firmly the United States Army has established itself in odd corners of the South Seas. The club at which we ate served after-dinner liqueurs, the plumbing was modern, the barracks were substantial and permanent, and the magazines and newspapers were considerably more up-to-date than any we had been reading farther to the west. When we were told that we would be sleeping there overnight and take off at dawn, so as to be sure to hit our next goal, a tiny coral island, in daylight, we were not sorry. We lounged on the clubhouse porch for a couple of hours, chatting with pilots who had been fighting in the South Pacific. It was raining, so we didn't do any sightseeing. The weather cleared up during supper, and afterward I wandered down a dirt road and dropped in at an outdoor movie. Mickey Rooney was the attraction, in "A Yank at Eton," and the dilemmas of an American in so outlandish a setting as England evoked enormous and completely unselfconscious mirth from a large and appreciative audience of Yanks.

We were awakened at four o'clock and took off at dawn. During the night a plane heading for Australia had come in. It was leaving about the same time we were, and the passengers of the two ships got mixed up while riding on trucks from the barracks to the field. After a lot of good-natured kidding, we were unscrambled, and nobody got on the wrong plane. We were in the air on this lap for about eight hours, which was time enough for us to polish off most of one of my chickens.

The island we were heading for was so tiny that when we circled over it, we found it hard to believe that a plane could land on it or that there was any life on it. It looked like a small sandspit. When we came down, we discovered that it was a little bigger than our estimate but not much. It was simply a piece of flat coral, so white that many of the soldiers stationed on it wore sunglasses, like skiers. From the air it had seemed deserted; on the ground we saw that it was a beautifully camouflaged military installation, bristling with guns and planes and men, some of whom had been living there for six months. There were no people on the island except soldiers—not even an Army nurse—but it had a few comforts. There was a club with an elegant dice table and a modest bar, which had a limit of four bottles of warm beer to a customer, no Coca-Cola, and grapefruit juice, for some reason or other, on the house. There were no grapefruit trees on the island. In fact, there was only one tree of any kind, a scraggly, stunted palm whose days appeared to be numbered.

We remained on the island for the afternoon, then had an excellent steak dinner before we left at dusk. Our pilot was figuring on hitting Hawaii, our last stop, just after daybreak the next morning. For a while, though, it looked doubtful whether we were going to leave that night at all. As we were getting ready to take off, two details of soldiers showed up at the landing field simultaneously. One group had seemingly been assigned to help us take off and the other to guard the plane during the night. The guards, the more confident of the two factions, had brought along cots, which they set up under the left wing. The ground crew stood around under the right wing, waiting to pull the chocks out from underneath the

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wheels. We passengers watched all this rather uncertainly. Finally the pilot and the rest of the plane crew drove up in a jeep, got into the plane, and started up the motors. The guard detail quietly folded up its cots and marched away.

WE flew all night, sleeping most of the time, and reached Hawaii, as scheduled, in time for a late breakfast, with as many eggs as we wanted. We spent the day there, looking at Pearl Harbor, the barbed wire along Waikiki, the sailors quartered at the Royal Hawaiian, and the local belles. When we went back to the plane after supper, we found to our dismay that all the seats except one, which naturally went to the general, had been replaced by the mailbags. We had left our baggage on the plane. It was inextricably buried beneath the bags, and we never again caught sight of what then remained of my second chicken. Some new passengers joined us: a sergeant flying home to see a dying father, and a colonel in the Signal Corps. The colonel settled himself on some sacks of V-mail across the aisle from me. The particular bags on which I attempted to make myself at home were filled, I soon concluded, with metal pieces of enemy planes being sent home as souvenirs, or perhaps with jagged fragments of coral reefs. I sat on them throughout the night and the next morning, occasionally falling asleep and invariably, when I did, putting my feet in the colonel's face. At intervals he pushed at my legs and I woke up, apologized, and tried to assume a more agreeable position. It was bitterly cold, and we were all grateful when daylight arrived.

Shortly before noon, we flew above an island off the coast of California and circled gaily over it. A little while later, we saw the Golden Gate, which we had so often dreamed of sailing under. It looks good from any angle.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From the Chicago Tribune]

In Munich she met a Scotch medical student, and altho she knew intimately many other men in the following years, she always returned to him, and finally came with him to America. He himself had a brilliant speculative mind, published many articles and books on scientific and philosophical subjects in both English and German, and late in life was elected president of the Melon Growers' association of Waller county, Texas, a distinction I am sure he cherished.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
MAY 15

WAR touches the nation's capital in the damnedest ways, as the following facts will unquestionably show:

Gulls, frightened by airplane activity over the Potomac River, have taken to promenading the Mall grass like huge, bewildered pigeons.

The circulation of the Library of Congress's map collection, available to government officials upon request, has multiplied eight times since we entered the war. In another part of the District a hundred thousand maps are turned out by the Army's Map Service offices every day.

The United States Information Service has answered almost a million questions in the past year, including: is it illegal to plant poppy seed, is rattlesnake milking an essential occupation, and where can a shoemaker be found who can turn out a pair of oxfords for a man with twenty-two-inch-long feet?

In the past eight months the Government Printing Office has quietly absorbed two hundred million words above last year's total for the same period.

The town's new street cars are among the swiftest in the country. They are equipped with special acceleration gears, three sets of brakes, and giddy motormen (all of which combine to swing inexperienced passengers off their feet) and have a top speed of forty miles an hour.

The briefcase is the most common article of value turned in to the lost-and-found department of the Union Station. Eight hundred and eighty-four have been presented by finders during the past year, all without a doubt containing workable plans for the reconstruction of the postwar world.

The Smiths, represented by forty names in the latest edition of the *United States Government Manual*, are the directory's largest block of surnames and give the government a distinctly homespun flavor.

A publicity-mad squirrel has the run of a Navy public-relations office in the old Larz Anderson mansion on Massachusetts Avenue.

The rubberneck buses have been taken off the streets and an ordinance has been passed which forbids smaller public conveyances to take their place. As a result, a mild black market in sightseeing has sprung up, with visitors, in hushed voices and with furtive looks over their shoulders, importuning taxi-drivers to show them the Lincoln Memorial and Rock Creek Park.

The lily display at the United States Botanic Garden is curtailed this year because our native bulbmen have not yet stepped up their production to equal that of Japan, the former source of most of the Garden's lily bulbs.

A night club in the neighborhood of the Treasury advertises a Champagne Hour from 4 to 7 P.M.

Somebody has taught a parrot in the patio of the Pan American Union building to say "*Saludos amigos.*"

The following arms of the government have vanished since Pearl Harbor: the Beltsville Research Center, the Commodity Exchange Administration, the Coördinator of Government Films, the Defense Homes Corporation, the Defense Public Works Division, the Division of Business Coöperation, the Federal Committee on Apprenticeship, the Electric Home and Farm Authority, and the Disaster Loan Corporation.

A local statistician has figured out that government employees in the $5,600-a-year bracket average six dinner invitations a week and that gadabout Cabinet members head the field with twenty-two.

That imposing wartime baby, the Pentagon Building, has twice the floor space of the Empire State Building and concrete floors that still exude dampness.

The balance of nature was slightly disturbed here this past winter by a New York émigré, who happily collected all the Polyphemus moths that traditionally spend their cocoon period undisturbed in the bushes outside the Navy Building, for no better reason than that during his youth he had had to pay twenty cents apiece for specimens at the Butterfly Store on lower Fifth Avenue.

The greatest police problem is the protection of the unmarried females with which the town swarms, and by making a frank appeal last year, Major Kelly, the superintendent of police, was able to obtain an appropriation for one hundred and ninety-five more patrolmen from a gallant Congress.

Archives—by government definition, any federal records of permanent value or historical interest—are rampant. If they continue to accumulate at last year's rate of 170,000 cubic feet, triple that of any prewar year, the National Archives Building, the most nearly bombproof structure here, will have room for only two more years' supply, and a solemn decision will have to be made.

The Senate dining room in the Capitol, which for the past seventy years has always had bean soup on its bill of fare, was unable to offer this item at lunch one day during the recent dried-legume shortage, and twenty-five senatorial patrons left their tables in a huff.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

COMMUTER'S RAINY DAY

Thrush says, Here's a liquid lush-day
Late in May, a perfect thrush-day.
Do not try to take the first train
In this lovely quench-your-thirst rain.
Thrust the world away for one day
Or pretend that it's a Sunday.
Second train will do, or third.
Why not stay? *suggests the bird.*

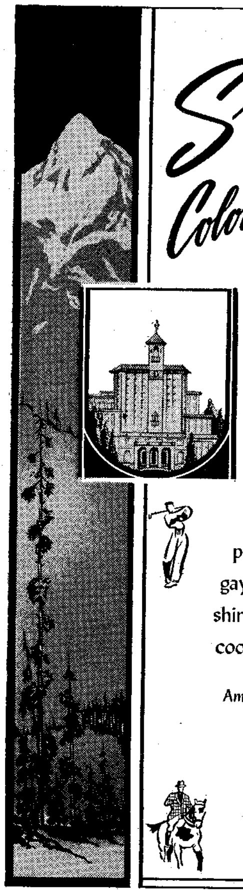
Thrush says, There's the eight-thirteen.
(Moisture dipped three times in green.)
Why not give up altogether?
This has always been your weather.
Surely you'll agree with me,
Since you've lost the thirty-three.
Think it over, *his refrain,*
Stay and drink the May-dark rain.

—LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

•

In her will she requested that her body be cremated and the ashes scattered. Off the Lighthouse on Montauk Point this request was carried out. The ashes were scattered, together with timetables and travel maps found in her handbag after her decease. Red Roses from the garden were also strewn upon the waves. By chance a U.S. submarine was plainly visible on the horizon.—*East Hampton Star.*

What a break!



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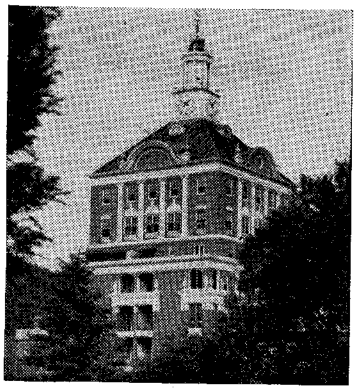

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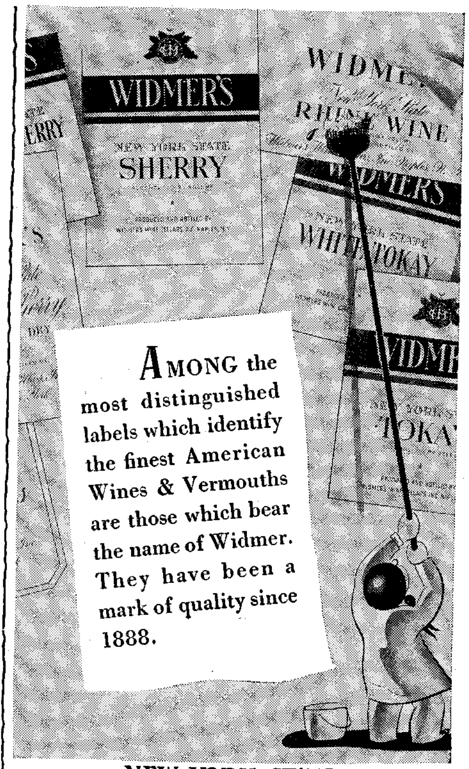
NOTES ON SPORTS

Short Shrift

The Eastern ball clubs in the National League, which were at home to the Western clubs last weekend, unanimously conducted themselves like boorish hosts. The Boston Braves beat the Cincinnati Reds three straight games, the Brooklyn Dodgers took three straight from the Chicago Cubs, the New York Giants won two out of three from the Pittsburgh Pirates (Westerners, according to major-league geography), and even the Philadelphia Phillies won one out of their three with the St. Louis Cardinals, which is just about as rude as the Phillies can get. The Dodgers handed out the roughest treatment, getting ten runs in one inning from the Cubs in Saturday's game and shutting them out 4–0 in the first half of Sunday's doubleheader. At a casual glance, it would seem as though that kind of treatment was pretty much to be expected by the Cubs, since they were in last place and the Dodgers were in first. However, the Cubs had been widely mentioned a few days earlier as a possible sleeper. Their pitching staff had been spoken of highly not only by their own manager but by disinterested observers. As it turned out in the weekend series, though, neither Warneke nor Lee, two of their best bets, was quite adequate. They both pitched on Sunday and may have been rattled by the man in the stands who either was giving a good imitation of a coyote or else had brought a coyote with him, but, being cool veterans, they were probably troubled less by nerves than by ordinary ineffectiveness. The best equipment the Cubs had to show, all in all, was two rookies from Milwaukee—a centre fielder named Harry Lowrey, known to his colleagues as Peanuts, and a shortstop named Ed Stanky. The defensive work of these boys was worth (well, almost worth) going all the way out to Ebbets Field to see.

The Giants, with the batting averages of four of their regulars among the ten lowest in the league, were able to win two out of three from the Pirates through the hitting of Mel Ott, whose average, at the moment, was the bottom one of those lowest ten. Ott had a tendency to go right on getting no hits until a game



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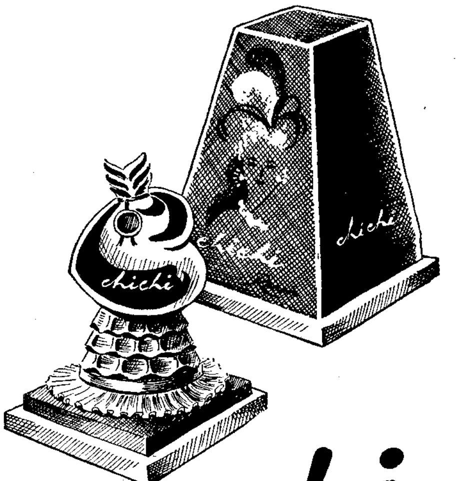

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was about over and then get a home run to sew it up. Since becoming playing manager of the team, he has apparently decided not to dissipate his energy fiddling around with singles and doubles and triples but to get up there and do something significant or nothing at all.

THE Western Golf Association, which specializes in promoting the welfare of caddies, is concerned right now with the fact that, as a consequence of the war, caddies are getting younger. It feels that more care than ever must be taken to see that their working conditions are safe and pleasant. It has written to golf clubs requesting their co-operation and has presented five questions which club officers are to ask themselves conscientiously. Among them are: "Do you know if the caddies at your club gamble?" and "Do you know if the caddie master chisels from the boys?" This campaign is obviously not going to sit well with caddie masters, who may just toss up their jobs and go to work in munitions factories. Before you know it, we'll have ten-year-old caddie masters as well as ten-year-old caddies, and then the kids will have nobody they can respect and turn to in the disputes that inevitably spring up in crap games.

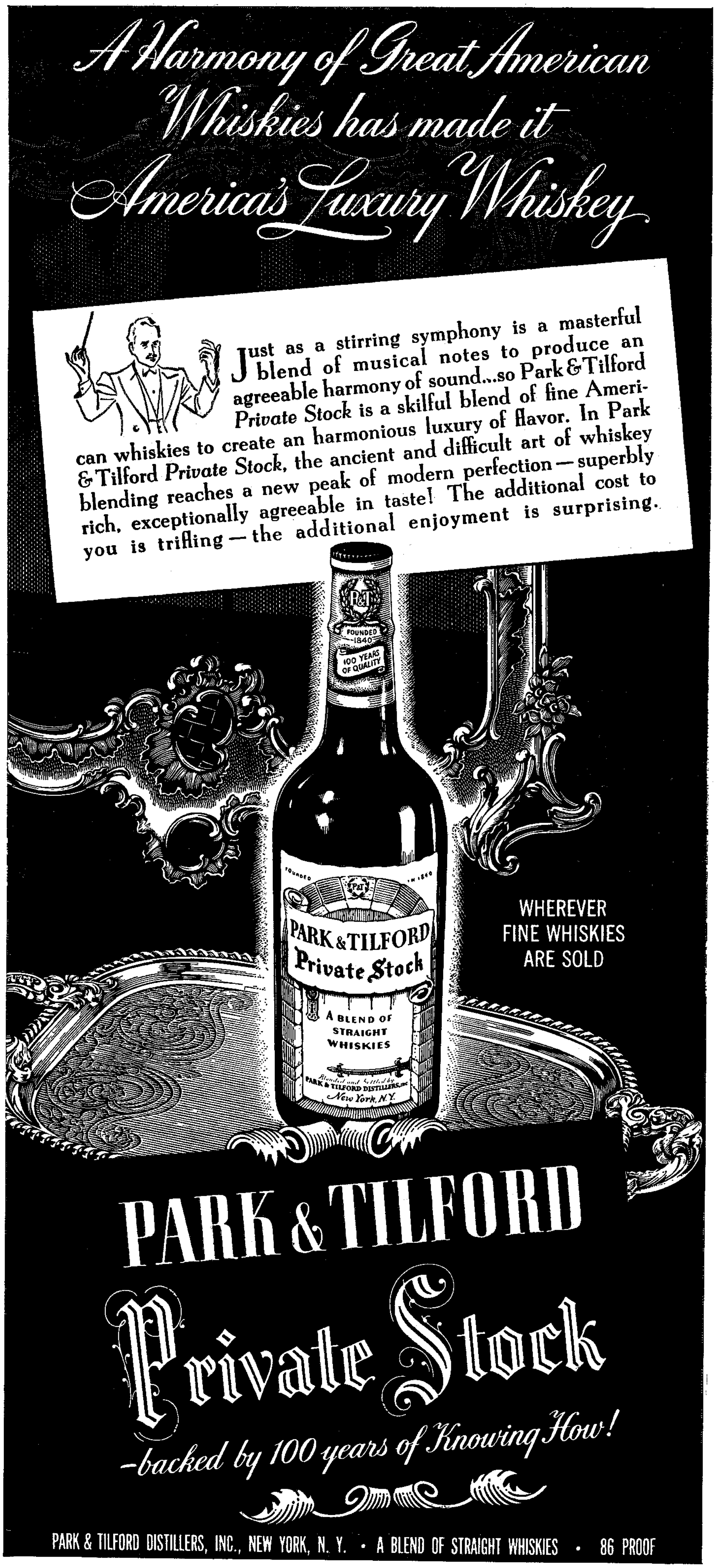
A CHAMPIONSHIP fight, a rare event these days, comes off this Friday night, when Beau Jack risks his lightweight title against Bob Montgomery. The potential number of rounds will be fifteen, as required by Hoyle in championship contests, and as neither fighter has ever gone that far, there is some speculation whether they'll hold up. Jack, especially, is thought likely to tire because he is given to shooting his bolt in the early rounds. However, all he needs is the first eight, which will give him a majority, and then he can just ignore Montgomery the rest of the time. . . . A strange phenomenon, possibly attributable to the war, occurred last Saturday, when the Washington crew was beaten by eight lengths by California. That sort of thing hasn't happened to a Washington crew since the Lewis and Clark expedition, if then.

—D. L.

•

LONDON, March 24.—(AP)—Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York had luncheon today with Prime Minister Churchill at No. 10 Downing street.
beans.—*Providence Evening Bulletin.*

Ketchup?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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

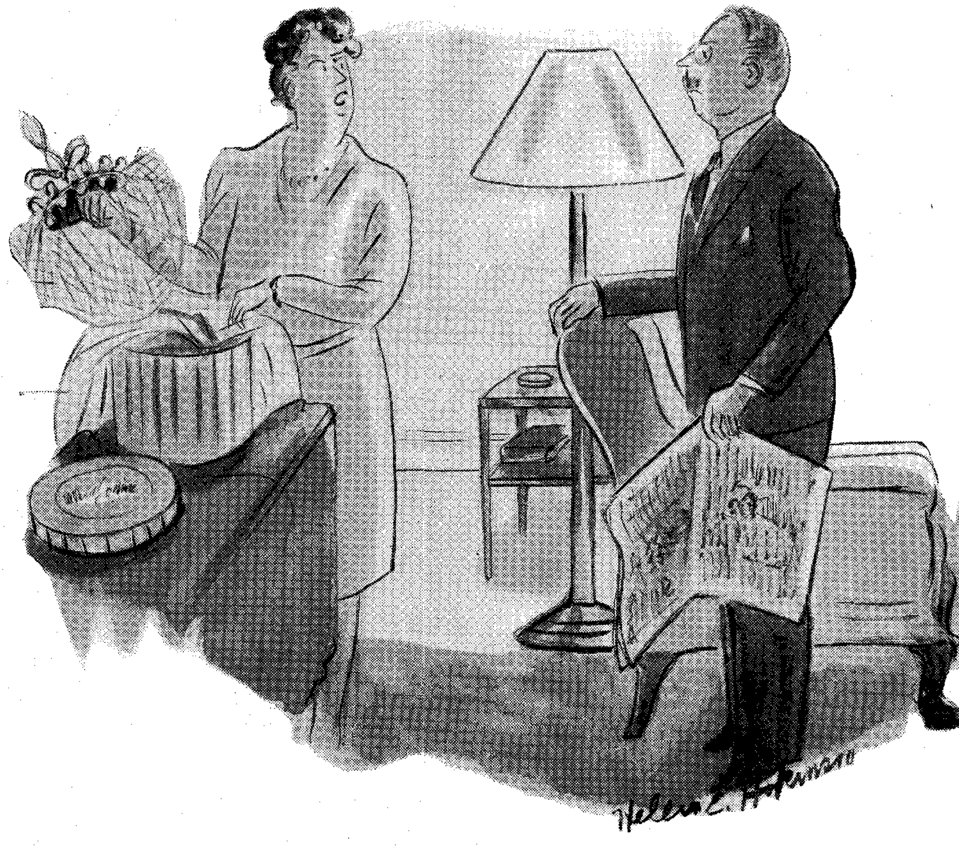
FEMININE FASHIONS

For many months I have been giving American industry dirty looks for failing the country's women by not coming through with the perfect substitute for silk or nylon stockings. Now, life is good again; American industry and American legs have recovered their prestige, all because of Elisabeth Rae's Sheertone, a leg paint that can be quickly applied (five minutes for the whole leg makeup, including drying), is as unlikely to streak as any I have found, and conveys the definite illusion of sheer nylon stockings. Ah, Science! The liquid is thinner than most, and even a very impatient and slapdash applier (and I am second to no one in slapdashery) need take no longer than a minute a leg to put it on and smooth it down. There are three colors. The Hawaii Tan, a deep tan, is my favorite, though the lighter shades are lovely too. A dollar for a large bottle at Bloomingdale and Stern, and if what I've said sounds like a rave it is because I planned it that way.

Lord & Taylor, surveying the situation, decided that if stockings couldn't be as beautiful as they once were, they might as well be gay; hence some enchanting nonsense in fine lisle or cotton. Prominent in the collection are those in a large mesh ($1.65), which you can have in brown (simply beautiful with black), in royal blue (this is flattering to the legs and has, for some reason, a silky shimmer), in eggplant (for India cottons and plaids), in a pink that looks too much like a painful sunburn for my taste, in Shocking, or in cocoa. On the whole, they are both flattering and attractive. The shop also offers pin-point mesh stockings in bright sports colors like royal and red, or plain lisle affairs in pastels like lime and hyacinth blue. Then the designers become slightly outrageous with lisle stockings that have patterns embroidered or hand-painted on them. A red rose appears outside one ankle and inside the opposite knee on a pair of black lisle stockings; polka dots cover another pair; hand-painted bows that look like blue butterflies adorn another—all great fun, I assume, for informal country life.

There are also quantities of unrationed espadrilles, with tough composition soles edged with rope; $2.95 in red or navy and $2.50 in black or white, the last all ready for you to paint to match the odd-colored stockings. For sunbathing while you do your gardening, L. & T. like barebacked dresses, naked as possible at the top, and equipped with little boleros to cover you decently when you go marketing. All through the store you'll find cotton dresses with black tops and jackets and with skirts that are bold and flaring and vivid. There is lots of black piqué, both in bolero town suits and in dresses, of which a notable example is Claire McCardell's slim affair with one patch pocket on the skirt, an oval neck, small puffed sleeves, and a bright green grosgrain belt with a red rose at the end of the streamer. It's $19.95, and just as charming in white or red too. McCardell is also the creator of a group of fetching shirtwaist dresses in striped shirting or madras. These are $12.95 and, in a word, have everything. As for bathing suits, many Brigance ideas are still available, by popular request, though Brigance himself is temporarily devoting his talents to the Army. Among my favorites are his princesse rayon faille suit, with eyelet embroidery making the straps, the inset belt, and the hem; this is $14.95. Another pet is a linen affair, draped through the bosom; a third is a princesse piqué with a ruffle across the decolletage, which is supported by string shoulder straps ($8.95). There are also still plenty of Lastex one-piece swimming suits, too, if your figure is that good.

Best has a good stock of a fine old favorite, the one-piece play suit, with a separate skirt to button over it. Some suits have white cotton yokes, short sleeves, and a red-and-white checked body; the skirts of these are partly green and partly red-and-white check. There are other suits of blue or rose cotton in a sort of Liberty print, and many in gingham plaids. I certainly needn't tell you how handy they are. They cost from $7.95 to $10.95. You'll find oxford play suits at $3.95 and striped chintz pinafores to be worn over them at $7.95. Separate skirts of chambray with striped hems are planned to accompany white piqué shirts with ruffled Peter Pan collars. For gardening, you might try Best's clamdigger slacks, cut in a length that comes just below the



"But it isn't supposed to make sense!"

knee and made of blue, natural, or brown corduroy. For either gardening or seashore pursuits, there are the beloved striped cotton basque shirts ($2.25) and a group of thin, soft blue denim clothes—slacks, shorts coming just to the knee, three-button jackets that are unusually well cut, separate skirts buttoning down the front, and shirts. These attractive and indestructible items run from $2.50 to $4.50 apiece.

Abercrombie & Fitch's gardening notions include quantities of aprons. There are short, blue-and-white striped denim things with four deep pockets and metal chains, attached at the waistline, from which you can dangle gloves and scissors; there are, furthermore, copies of ankle-length English gardening aprons in red or green cotton tweed, with attached kneeling pads, strands of raffia for tying up things, and the same sort of chains for implements ($5.50). There is a shorter version in navy denim trimmed in red, and its kneeling pillow is detachable, in case you want to put it under your head when you lie down suddenly as exhaustion gets to you. Abercrombie also offers blue-and-white striped denim gardening chaps, bearing kneeling pads held in place by straps around the ankle. Finally, there are a few soft-colored India straw hats, some tiny, some as wide as umbrellas. They're so nice that they probably won't be there long.

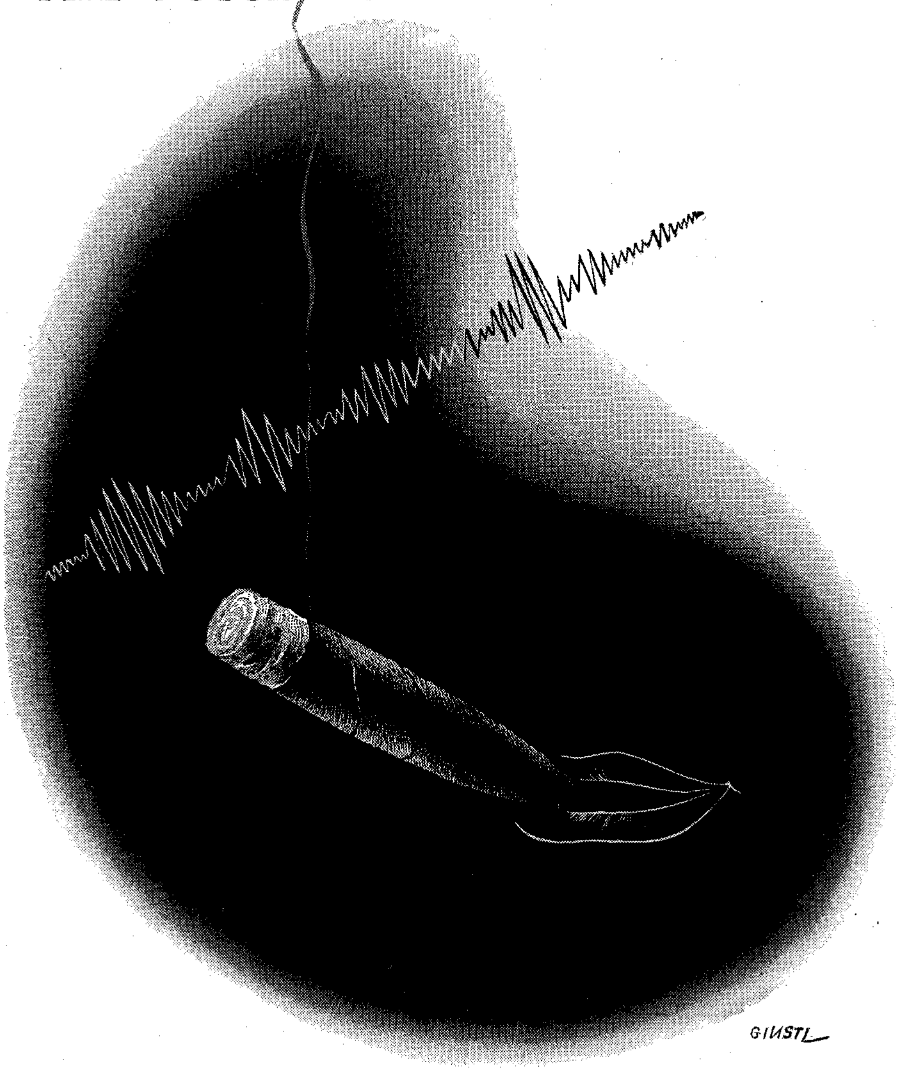
As summer approaches, both city and country people are giving at least a little thought to putting together an ample wardrobe of inexpensive clothes, because things that look (and are) fresh are the smartest for hot weather. To supply you with them, John Wanamaker has opened a marvellous budget department below stairs in the north building. There's a whole floor containing one temptation after another; sizes go from juniors on up to a robust and matronly fifty-two. The highest-priced dress in the place is $12.75—a charming black sheer that you'd wear anywhere. Just at random: at $7.75 there are bright polka-dot rayon linens with horizontal tucks for misses, pastel sheers printed with dainty flowers for older women, brown linen jackets and skirts (with shirred print lapels to match the accompanying gilet) for business girls; at $5.75, a buttoned-down-the-front linen dress in a white-flower-and-gray-background print for a woman of any age, and seersucker jumper suits for everybody. There are quantities of Junior cotton dresses and spun rayons at $3.95

JUST HOW FAR executive thinking is aided by a clear Havana perfecto is a question not yet surveyed.

The fact remains that many a business man dictates to his Dictaphone with a cigar in his mouth. That kind of talk is strictly American, but secretaries don't like it, because it isn't always easy to understand.

So in the Dictaphone Research Laboratories at Bridgeport, Conn., we have done quite a bit of research on the problem presented by the voice with a cigar in it. After all, the aim of Dictaphone engineers is to make a machine that will record dictation *intelligibly* under all sorts of office conditions.

THE VOICE WITH A CIGAR IN IT...



The first thing that Dictaphone engineers did was to trim away all disturbing overtones and resonances. Then they started experimenting with the reconstruction of voices which had been thus pared down. When war struck, they had already taken long steps in this direction. Too-thin and too-deep voices — words mumbled or over-emphasized were being successfully built up or cut away to produce intelligible tones that secretaries could more easily understand.

In the avalanche of war activity Dictaphone equipment bears the brunt in many an office of both Government and industry — saving precious minutes — getting vital ideas into action *fast!*

Meanwhile Dictaphone engineers have turned out many improvements in electric voice recording for use by the armed services — brand-new ideas which will further extend the usefulness of the Dictaphone method of dictation to meet the challenge of the post-war era.

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and $4.50, for that daughter of yours who is getting to the "expensive age." There are also hats (highest price $4.50), including calottes, straw sailors, and some particularly nice big-brimmed bonnet styles in felt and piqué and straw. The place has just about everything in accessories, lingerie, housecoats, and the like, and I haven't seen such good style and planning at the price in some time.

Dorothy Gray always comes along at the right moment with a bright trick to satisfy that inexplicable yen, strongest in summer, to have lips and fingernails and toenails match. This time, her lipstick, paste rouge, and nail enamel are offered in Red Letter Red, an especially brilliant, clear shade, put up in a cardboard replica of a rural-delivery mailbox. . . . Strauss-Marsh, at 50 West 57th Street, a place celebrated for good, inexpensive ready-to-wear clothes, is at the moment having particular fun with a hat it calls the Pompadour Snood. Oh, well, names will never hurt you. It's just a bit of velvet-edged, reinforced net across the top of your head, with heavy veiling arching upward and forward over your pompadour and then coming down over your brow. You can tuck flowers or whatever inside of this birdcage effect, if you like. From this, to make it even more seductive and harder to describe, a filmier veil is attached to cover the face. It costs $5.50 made to order, in black or navy. . . . Bonwit Teller, eager to help along the self-sufficiency of American women, has rayon umbrella covers that you can stitch on your old umbrella frame yourself. It doesn't look appallingly difficult; $2. Altman continues to pamper us by doing the same job for $4. Takes about a month, though. —L. L.

•

Zoölogical Club, Zoölogy 14, 4:30 p.m. "Experimental Analysis of Seasonal Sexual Periodicity in the Female Ground Squirrel." Professor G. F. Simmons, former President of Montana State University.—*University of Chicago Weekly Calender.*

La, it's spring again!

•

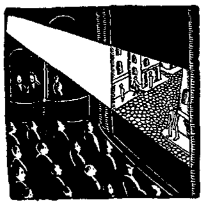
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Decatur* (*Ill.*) *Herald*]

A new program starting Monday for the Great States theatres will feature Commodore Jim Christenson and Steamboat Bill Caldwell and will be hard on WSOY at 5:50 p.m. every day except Saturday.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Hat, Reblocked



THE main trouble with "Prelude to War," a documentary which was produced by the War Department for Army consumption but has now been released to the public, is that its message was conveyed by other movies quite a while back. Its original purpose was to explain to American troops what and why they are fighting, and in its time it may well have proved handy to a number of doughboys. Now the War Department appears to feel that there's room for the same sort of instruction on the home front. Perhaps it's been getting letters from puzzled taxpayers. This kind of mail can't be very heavy, though, because right along, beginning last fall with one called "The World at War," we civilians have had plenty of documentaries shown to us which have dealt with events leading up to Pearl Harbor.

However, it can at least be said for the War Department that it has done its own version very stylishly indeed. Employing the services of Lieutenant Colonel Frank Capra, it has succeeded in spicing the familiar old march of history—Washington Disarmament Conference, Manchuria, Ethiopia, fruitless League sanctions, and so on—with all the novel twists you could ask for. Montage and sound effects and the artful use of repetition have done wonders. There are maps in abundance for the map-lovers. Fascism and the military growth of the Fascist powers are paraded before you in all their full-blown gruesomeness because every device known to Capra has been used to dress them up nasty. The War Department is said to have put together a whole series of films on this order, which may also be shown to the public. If they have been made as cannily as this one, and by any chance have the additional blessing of a certain amount of new material, all is not lost.

A STRANGE Russian picture has appeared which will be entirely at the mercy of your mood. It is an adaptation of a nineteenth-century dramatic poem, or maybe it's a poetic drama, by Mikhail Lermontov, who ranked right below Pushkin. Its name is "Masquerade" and it has to do with

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Dorothy Gray

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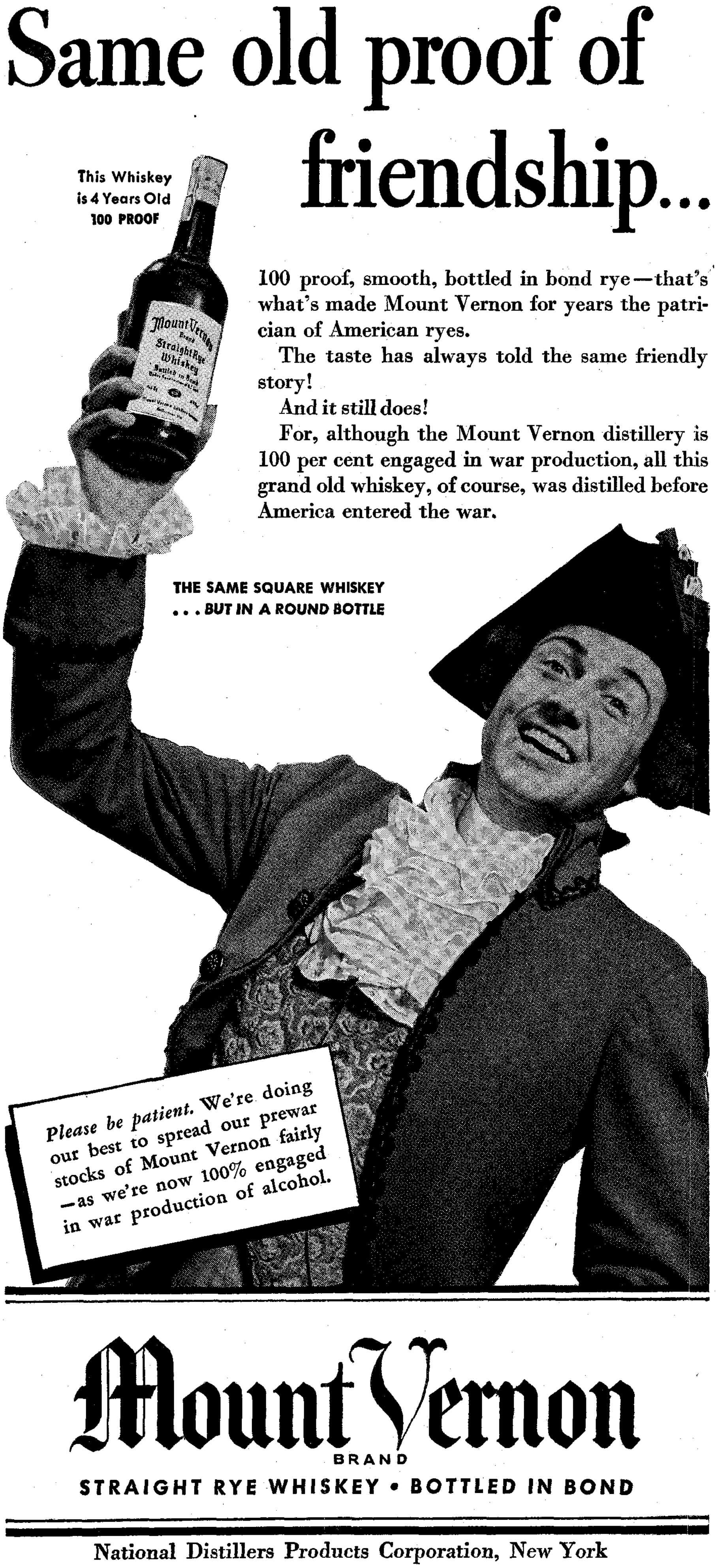

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THE SAME SQUARE WHISKEY
... BUT IN A ROUND BOTTLE

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Mount Vernon fairly —as we're now 100% engaged in war production of alcohol.

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the unfounded jealousy which finally drove a man to murder his wife. There are also strong undertones of social criticism in it, the poet having been upset by the heedlessness and emptiness of Russian aristocratic life. The original poetry has been preserved in the dialogue (though not in the English titles) and the lines are so lofty and antique in tone that the actors have been led to pose and posture in a manner you probably thought went out with the snuffbox. They do it admirably, however, perhaps because there are two Honored Artists of the Republic and one Stalin Award winner among them. The picture is long and fraught with ham and yet rather impressive in its way. Do what you like about it.

FINALLY, we have "The Desperadoes," a Western, with Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor, and Evelyn Keyes. It's about an outlaw who has been kicked around a lot more than he deserves and is only really appreciated by one pal and a couple of women. Technicolor has been thrown in, but somehow it doesn't make up for mediocre plot, dialogue, direction, acting, and anything else I've omitted.

—David Lardner

•

From continually wearing short-sleeved dresses my elbows have become dark-colored and very rough. What is to be done for them? H.C.R.

First rid the elbows of their dark color. This you can do by soaking them every night in grapefruit juice. Or, cut a juicy grapefruit in half and bury your elbows in the portions. If you place the halves of grapefruit on a table and rest your elbows in them, you can read, sew, or meditate comfortably for an indefinite time.

—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Unless you get to thinking how you look, of course.

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the Social Security Act*]

DEFINITIONS

Sec. 209. When used in this title...

(f) The term "average monthly wage" means the quotient obtained by dividing the total wages paid an individual before the quarter in which he died or became entitled to receive primary insurance benefits, whichever first occurred, by three times the number of quarters elapsing after 1936 and before such quarter in which he died or became so entitled, excluding any quarter prior to the quarter in which he attained the age of twenty-two during which he was paid less than $50 of wages and any quarter, after the quarter in which he attained age sixty-five, occurring prior to 1939.

GRANDMA, WHAT BIG EYES . . .

Mrs. Noble sat down at the table in the big chain restaurant which was so conveniently near Red Cross headquarters and gave a friendly smile to the waitress.

"The usual order, Ruth, if you still remember it."

"We're certainly glad to see you back, Mrs. Noble. The girls were wondering only yesterday where you were."

Mrs. Noble spread out her napkin. "I've just been too busy to come the three blocks," she said. "I've had to have lunch at my desk."

"Would you mind if I bring a new girl up? She won't believe it."

"Believe what?" asked Mrs. Noble, smiling.

Ruth beckoned to another waitress. "This is the one," she announced proudly, pointing to Mrs. Noble. "A grandmother! Look at her, in uniform. Sure you don't mind my announcing it?" she asked anxiously.

"But I'm proud of it," declared Mrs. Noble. "I'm not ashamed of having a grandson or the uniform. A great, big grandson in the sixth grade at school."

The new girl gasped. "With all that curly hair, and looking like a general. It's wonderful!"

"She's got a soldier son too," Ruth said.

"He's an officer in the Navy," said Mrs. Noble. "We think he's in the South Pacific. My husband says he's going to wear a service pin with two stars on it, one for our son and one for me, but that would be ridiculous."

"No, it wouldn't," Ruth said. "You're a real soldier in that suit—and a grandmother! That's what gets me."

"I'm meeting my daughter-in-law for lunch. Keep an eye out for her, Ruth. Or do you remember what she looks like? It must have been at least two months ago she was here with me."

"Oh, I remember," Ruth said. Then, turning to the new girl, she explained, "She used to model at Mme. Jeanne's. Some figure!"

A slight shadow passed over Mrs. Noble's pleasant face. "That was eight years ago," she said. She looked over at the door and beckoned. "There's Alice now. Don't make two checks, Ruth. Put it all on mine."

She's thinner, thought Mrs. Noble, watching Alice approach. I'm afraid she's letting herself go. "Here I am, my dear," she called gaily. "I wish you had little Timmy with you."

"He's at school," Alice said. She sat down opposite Mrs. Noble. "I brought along a letter from big Tim to read to you. It came yesterday."

As Alice read the letter aloud, Mrs. Noble would not let herself be jealous of the passages which she knew were being skipped.

"Good. Fine," she said when Alice had finished. "He sounds well and happy."

They began their lunch, and Alice asked Mrs. Noble about her job.

"It's four hours, nine to one. That means I have to get out of the apartment so early that I've had to reorganize my household. So I order the meals the night before, and it took me a long time to make Mary—she's my new cook and quite good—understand why that was necessary. You know, all cooks like to sit with you for hours after breakfast and plan and plan. Then Louise—well, Louise is wonderful. I couldn't do this without her. She does my errands, any telephoning, takes messages, and now is even washing my underclothes and George's socks. She insists she has the time."

Alice smiled, but Mrs. Noble could see that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Now Alice," she said, "you mustn't worry too much about Tim. You must have faith."

Alice said nothing, and they sat for a moment in silence.

"Tell me what you've been doing," said Mrs. Noble, "how you've been passing your time."

"I guess I haven't resources," said Alice. "I get the housework done after Timmy goes to school and then I catch the eleven-o'clock overseas broadcast. They give you Australia, from San Francisco. Then I write to Tim, but enough doesn't seem to have happened to make my letters very interesting. And then Timmy gets home at three and I take him out, unless it's his sports day, when he doesn't get home till five. And then I get him supper and then—well, I play the radio in the evening, or read, or maybe some girl friend drops in. Two nights ago Mrs. Franks—she's really Mme. Jeanne—came in to see me. I thought it was awfully kind when she's so busy."

PETROUCHKA

"I don't believe I've ever met her," said Mrs. Noble.

"She was at our wedding. She's terribly fat."

"I don't seem to remember her." Mrs. Noble was lost for a moment in thought. "I think, my dear, you ought to try to do some war job in the mornings and see people a little more."

Alice looked at her eagerly. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about." She paused, as if she didn't know how to begin.

"Between us, I'm sure we can decide on some interesting piece of work for you," Mrs. Noble said brightly.

"Mrs. Franks thought that, too. She wants me to come back to the shop. She says she'll pay me the same salary and, besides wearing the dresses, I can help on orders. Some of the old girls are still there. I'd feel at home. I know she's doing it to be kind, but I'd work hard."

"But that isn't a war job!" exclaimed Mrs. Noble.

"I could do it if you would be willing to help me out about something," Alice said. "It's Timmy. Would you let him come to your apartment every day after school and wait for me there? It would be about two hours, except his sports day, when it would only be about half an hour. It would only be a few weeks till I could find somebody reliable who would stay at home and keep an eye on him till I got there. I'd be making enough then to afford it and maybe keep her on sometimes in the evening to listen for Timmy if I was invited somewhere." It was out, and Alice looked at Mrs. Noble with anxious eyes.

"Well, really, my dear," began Mrs. Noble, "you are suggesting, with your husband fighting in the Pacific, that you work in a shop, and that Timmy—I simply don't understand you!"

"Timmy wouldn't be any trouble. He'd have his homework, and then I thought if you were going out for a walk or an errand in the afternoon, maybe he could go along with you, or with Louise. He'd love that." Alice's voice trailed off.

"You seem to have forgotten," said Mrs. Noble, "that I'm doing quite a job in the mornings and when I'm not held over into the afternoon I have to go home and get some rest. And as for Louise," Mrs. Noble's voice almost trembled, "she has all too much to do as it is."

Ruth brought the check, which Mrs. Noble paid, and both women at the table rose.

"Also," she went on, "I would like to know, after working as a *vendeuse* in a luxury shop like Mme. Jeanne's, how you would expect to have enough energy to get Timmy a proper supper."

"There's a Horn & Hardart," said Alice faintly, "right on Madison Avenue, and we could stop sometimes and eat there and see the Trans-Lux next door. Timmy would love that."

"To hear you," said Mrs. Noble, "one would not believe we are in the greatest war in history. No, Alice, I just can't believe you have really lost your sense of proportion like this. Why, you have never even joined a first-aid course, have you, and the only knitting I remember ever seeing you do was a little green-and-white scarf for Timmy. Think it over, my dear, and goodbye."

She walked out between the tables and waved at Ruth and her friend, who were watching her, goggle-eyed with admiration.

—Gretchen Finletter

•

Lilly Crackell. *Vanguard Press.* A novel about a girl who becomes a mother at the age of fourteen but who never loses her faith in God, although she does not understand His ways with men.—*The Times Book Review.*

Or theirs with her?

•

Only a week ago I was a soldier under the influence of liquor, being helped to his destination by a civilian, also a woman leaning against post, too intoxicated to go farther.—*From a letter in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

A week'll make a lot of difference in a man's life, sometimes.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Muskogee (Okla.) Daily Phoenix*]

Q. If both co-owners of a war bond die before the bond is presented for redemption, who gets the money?

A. 410 with diamonds trump (80 kings, 40 trump marriage, 20 spade marriage, 20 heart marriage, 60 queens, 40 pinochle, 150 trump). In three-handed auction pinochle the hand scores only 350 because the trump marriage is lost.

CONT. 4/5 QT
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THE RACE TRACK

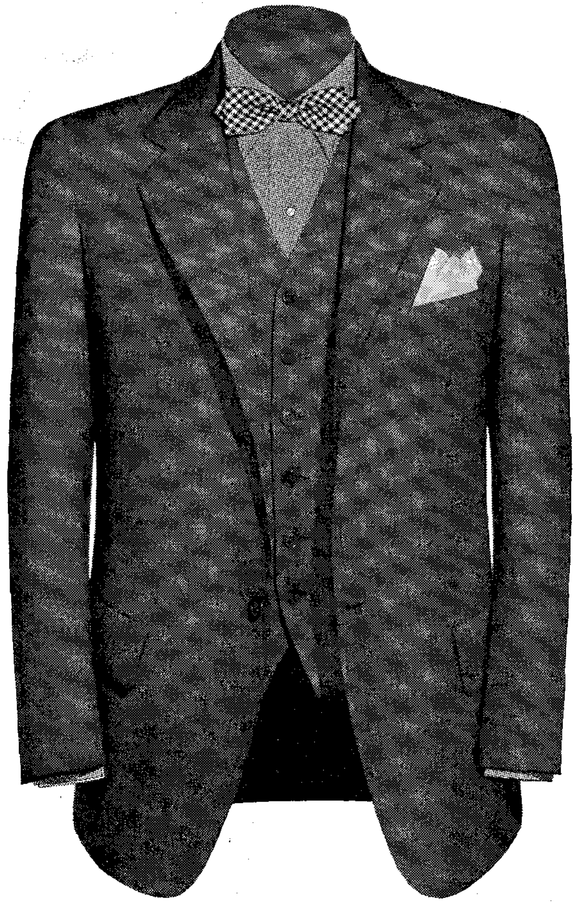
At Home and Abroad

THESE bewildering race horses! Last year, around this time, almost everyone connected with the Greentree Stable thought that Devil Diver was a much better colt than his stallmate, Shut Out, even though Shut Out had just won the Kentucky Derby. Devil Diver, however, didn't win an important race all season, and Shut Out became the season's best three-year-old. Naturally, Shut Out was the pride of the stable this spring—and still is, for that matter—but it was Devil Diver who won the Toboggan Handicap and the Metropolitan at Belmont Park last week and Shut Out who was among the also-rans, and pretty far back, too. Don't let Shut Out discourage you, though. He'll go much better in the Suburban because he'll like the longer distance.

Devil Diver completely upset the sharp-eyed but short-memoried horseplayers who watched him in the paddock before the Toboggan. Sometimes he stumbled along like a clubfooted bogie and sometimes he walked as though he were lame. They should have remembered that this footling gait is an old habit, and that he did the same thing and caused the same misapprehension last year. There was certainly nothing the matter with him in the Toboggan. He was all right in the Metropolitan, too, even though Marriage gave everybody who bets on favorites a scare by coming up fast at the end. Only two other horses, both pets of mine, ever won the Toboggan and the Metropolitan in the same season: Equipoise, in 1932, and Eight Thirty, in 1941.

One of my outside men reports that he never heard more enthusiastic rooting than Miss Ella Widener gave her Iron Shot a few afternoons ago in the International Steeplechase and that her mother wasn't exactly mute, either. Well, what would you do if your only horse was winning at practically 20–1? I'm told that half a minute after Iron Shot had been unsaddled he was covered with lipstick from his nose to his ears. He didn't seem to mind.

PERHAPS it's a little late to be telling you about the Hipódromo de las Américas, the thriving new track out-



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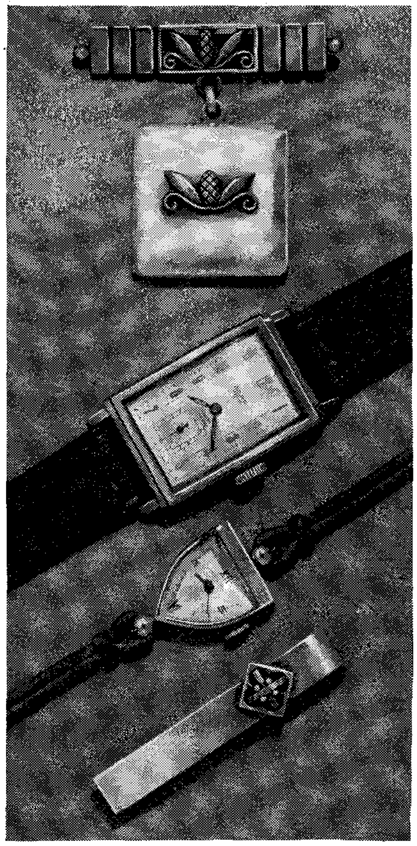
side Mexico City, but it was only last week that Ben Smith, its principal owner, here on a flying visit, gave this department a first-hand report. Having attended to that bit of business, he started back to the Hipódromo to see the first running of the 100,000-pesos Handicap de las Américas, a week from Sunday.

If race tracks were rated on looks the way horses are rated on speed, you'd have to make the Hipódromo at least seven pounds better than Santa Anita or Hialeah. This is perhaps partly accidental; the site, a valley and the hillside flanking it, was once part of the Campo Militar, near Lomas de Chapultepec, and has a good deal of natural beauty. John Sloan, the New York architect who drew the plans, made the most of this, as you might expect. Sloan, who, you probably know, designed many of the city's skyscrapers, including the Graybar Building and the Chanin Building, was a member of the New York Racing Commission for eight years and warmed up for his Hipódromo assignment by doing the Garden State Park track over in Jersey.

The race course at the Hipódromo is in the valley and the steel-and-concrete grandstand and clubhouse are set on the side of the hill. Millions of cubic yards of earth had to be excavated to make a place for them, but the effect is worth it. When you look down on the track from the clubhouse, the horses seem to be running on a fabulous, tropical stage. One of my roving observers (I have lots of them here and there) especially recommends the clubhouse, which has three stories, all of them lavishly appointed, on one of which is a ballroom that has a black marble floor, silver walls, and a shell-pink ceiling. As they say in Mexico, wow! The top floor is reserved for the Mexican Jockey Club, a larger organization than its opposite number here and socially more active. However, this enclosure is a bit more difficult to get into than the Turf and Field Club's at Belmont. The afternoon the Hipódromo opened, ex-King Carol of Rumania knocked on the door but didn't get in.

The Hipódromo cost more than $1,500,000, and it's a good bet that it will pay for itself before the end of next season. For one thing, the daily attendance is larger than it has been even at Jamaica. For another, the track takes a fifteen per cent commission from the pari-mutuel pools, which is five per cent more than is usual in the States, and the wagering runs into a fantastic number of pesos, for there are eight races an afternoon, a daily double, and a little



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number called the *quiniela*. This last is a form of combination betting in which you try to pick the horses who will finish first and second. It is run on the eighth race and everybody stays for it, because it generally pays big odds. The most important thing about the track's financial setup is that the Jockey Club de la Ciudad de México—in other words, Ben Smith and his associates—keeps all the profits, there being a law that permits any new business venture to operate tax-exempt for ten years.

IT naturally pleases Ben Smith immensely that the Hipódromo is going to make a lot of money, because he built it with this, among other things, in mind. The chances are that after the war the Hipódromo may be the most important winter racing centre on the continent, and that will undoubtedly please him, too. Anybody likes to be right. Incidentally, Bernard E. Smith, who, you doubtless recall, made a great deal of money in Wall Street when other people were losing it, seems to be bearing up quite well under the burden of being permanently known to the press as Sell-'em Ben. A man of medium height, in his middle fifties, with a jovial, Celtic face, he'd pass, at a hasty look, for a flourishing local politician. He entertains on a grand scale, and although he doesn't particularly care about the Kentucky Derby, he always takes a big party of friends to it, just to be sociable. As a matter of fact, he never bets on horses, even his own. He'd rather play bookmaker. Once he saw the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in company with some British peers and financiers and offered to take all of their bets himself. Afterward, when he figured up, he found he had won more than $8,000. Smith is inexplicably fond of using the telephone; can't get enough of it. He also enjoys hopping around from one part of the continent to another, looking after his many financial interests. In his younger years he was, among other things, an automobile salesman. He was no mean driver himself in those days, and once won a Glidden Tour run. When he gets a chance—in Mexico, of course—he still likes to drive fast in big cars. —AUDAX MINOR

•

JUST SUPPOSE

. . . that a customer enters the department who is taller and fuller than average. Would you show her an undersized sailor?

—*Women's Wear Daily.*

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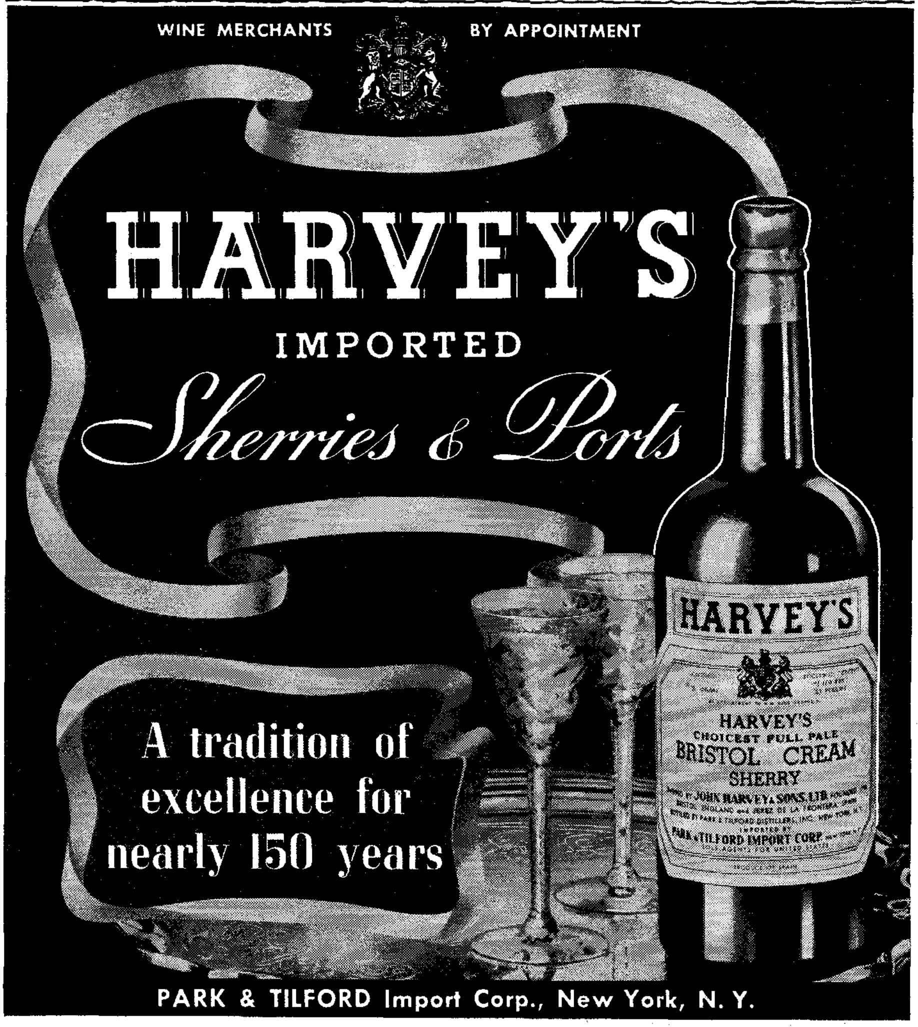

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BOOKS

Five, Assorted

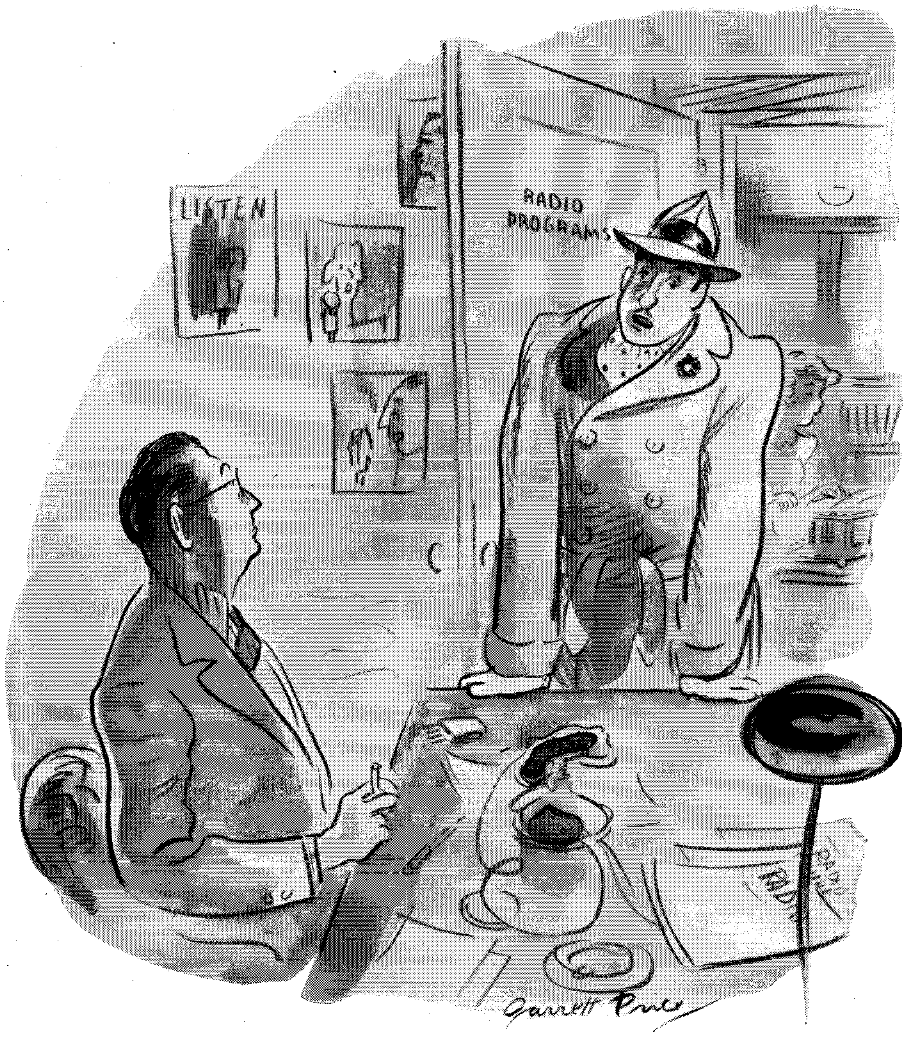
THE title page of "Combined Operations," the official story of the Commandos, lists a foreword by Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten but no author. Behind this mild mystification is a sturdy, rotund Englishman named Hilary St. George Saunders, Official Recorder of Combined Operations. He is responsible for the book, as he has been responsible for "Battle of Britain," "Bomber Command," and "Coastal Command," as he has been in part responsible for about forty other books, including the super-Oppenheims by Francis Beeding. Mr. Saunders' works, we are informed, have outsold those of Adolf Hitler, which is pleasing literary news. Before the war is over the works of the Commandos themselves will doubtless be similarly successful.

"A combined operation," writes Mountbatten in his terse foreword, "is a landing operation in which, owing to actual or expected opposition, it is essential that the fighting services take part together, in order to strike the enemy with the maximum effect, at the chosen point, and at the chosen moment." An unemotional, reined-in charting of the chosen points and moments is what Mr. Saunders' narrative sets out to be and succeeds in being. He tells all that may be told, listing failures as well as successes, letting his story—surely one of the most wildly exciting the war has produced—speak for itself. It requires no particular shrewdness to perceive that the methods of the engagements he describes are in miniature the methods of the great invasions to come. For this reason alone his book must be read.

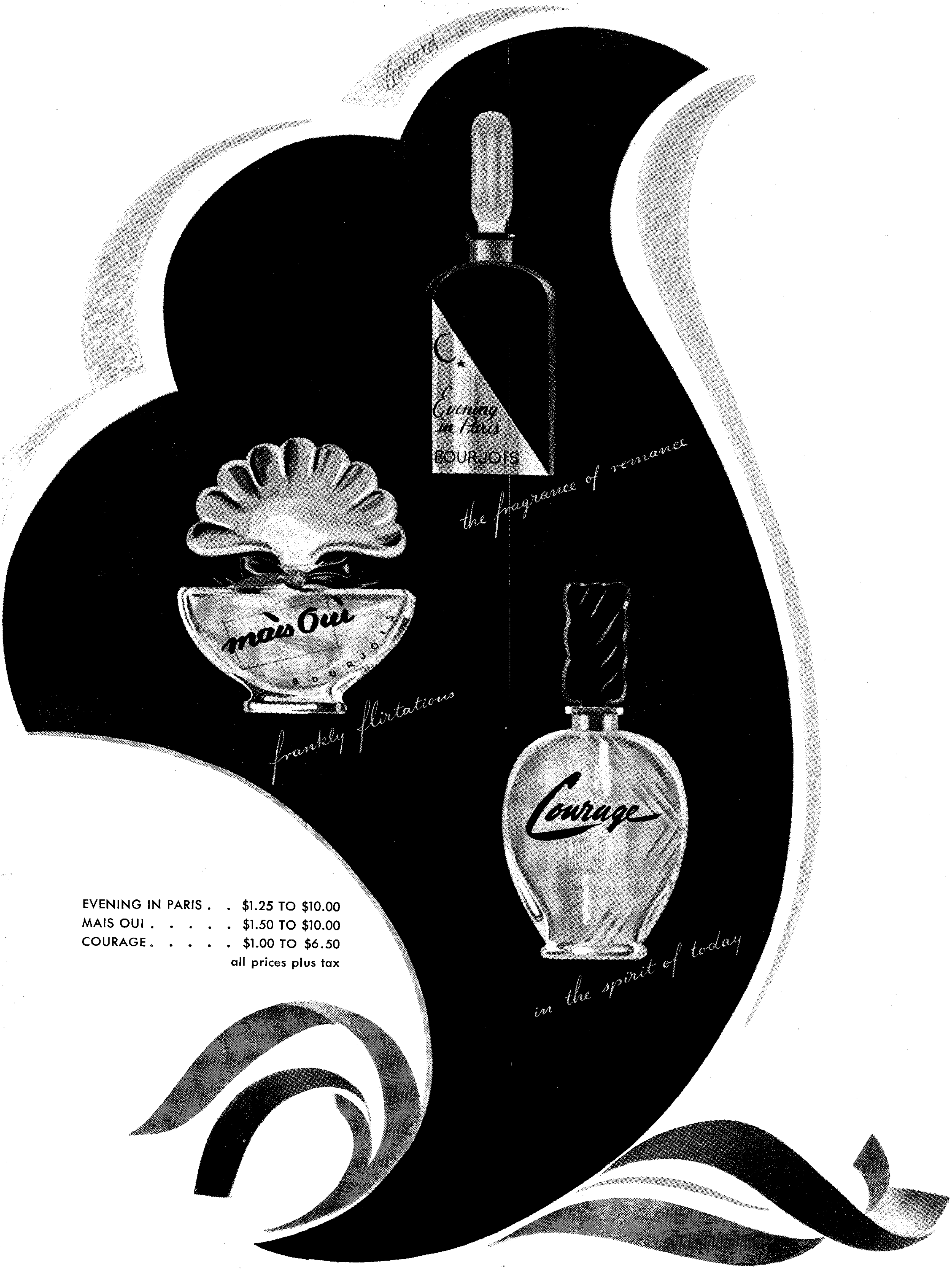
Among the raids narrated in extreme detail are a series of experimental attacks on Norway, an assault on southern Italy, a Libyan foray (the raiding party was after Rommel), the storming of Diego Suarez in Madagascar, the famous St. Nazaire attack, the Dieppe attack—no attempt is made to interpret this as a triumph—and the aid given by the Commandos during the invasion of North Africa. The whole story adds up to the best piece of purely military chronicling our side has produced since the beginning of the war. Nine maps and a group of British official photographs help Mr. Saunders do an efficient job.

THE "Autobiography" of Frank Lloyd Wright is available, after several postponements, for those interested in the life of one of the greatest architects of the twentieth century and one of the most dismaying egotists of any century. He is a man about whose supremacy there can be no doubt, least of all on the part of Mr. Wright himself. Dig beneath Mr. Wright's spate of vaticinatory phrases, his interminable marital adventures, legal squabbles, and business imbroglios, his Wright-against-the-world non-stop lectures, and you will find an artist and an achievement of which the non-American part of the world has long been proud and which we over here are now tardily recognizing. When Mr. Wright is telling us how he built the earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel in Tokio, or what is wrong with the "international style" in architecture, or how the city of the future must and will look—when, in other words, he is talking about his own job, his voice is the voice of a master. But when he grows lyrical over the aesthetic Japanese, or fulminates against the "money system," or throws his hat in the air for Lindbergh, he is at best a bore.

There is not the slightest doubt that his ego and his eccentricities are part of what makes him a profound artist in wood and stone and concrete. It is just that this ego and these eccentricities should be reserved for his private enjoyment, not broadcast in this blatantly overwritten autobiography. It is extraordinary that a man whose work is so



"Look, Mr. Rogers, my stuff is down to earth. I'm just a homespun, simple soul, see, naïve and unworldly. Everybody is always pushing me around . . ."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harmonious, so just, so measured, so serene, and so deeply original should, when he takes up his pen, be so unrestrained, so lopsided, so sentimental, and so ridden with clichés. Yet somehow not even his most humorless pomposity can quite disguise the central magnificence of his professional thought on the subject he knows best. His office buildings and his houses, and the liberating vision of which they are the product, will stand when his crotchets have long been forgotten.

INCOHERENT and filled with irrelevant personal and family history, Henry J. Taylor's "Men in Motion" is nevertheless in many ways a striking book. Mr. Taylor has some large, sweeping, and at times contradictory ideas. Item: Europe is "an impoverished peninsula" whose chief postwar hope lies in Africa. Item: The United States is in bad shape because it is abandoning itself to "collectivism" and must return to something called "integrity." Item: We have no right to make promises (the Four Freedoms) that we cannot keep and which many of the world's peoples do not want us to keep. Item: "The one and only hope for Europe is *the revival of a strong* France." Item: "The British and Americans will not make the peace. The Russians will do that." These generalizations you may accept, or reject, as you choose. Mr. Taylor's book seethes with them.

Less open to argument are the solidly backed-up impressions he brought back with him from a long and dangerous plane journey through the Near and Middle East, in the course of which he met Turkey's remarkable leaders, Saracoglu and Marshal Chakmak, and closely observed the activities of the German Embassy at Ankara. His analysis of the rôle of von Papen is forthright and brilliant. "He typifies," says Mr. Taylor, "the *consistency* of official minds in Germany, the *consistency* of German purposes, and the *consistency* of the German idea that the end justifies the means." Mr. Taylor is convinced that the Germans will not fight it out. The "traditional Germans" (those who are not the so-called "Nazis" but are playing ball with them), in fact, believe the war is already lost. Hence von Papen. Von Papen and his embassy have as their function—the Germans think of everything—the concentration of an appeasement group in Ankara which is "preparing to save Germany as Germany loses the war." Von Papen and men like him, the ones, obviously, who will shortly hand Hitler the necessa-

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The Official Story of the

COMMANDOS

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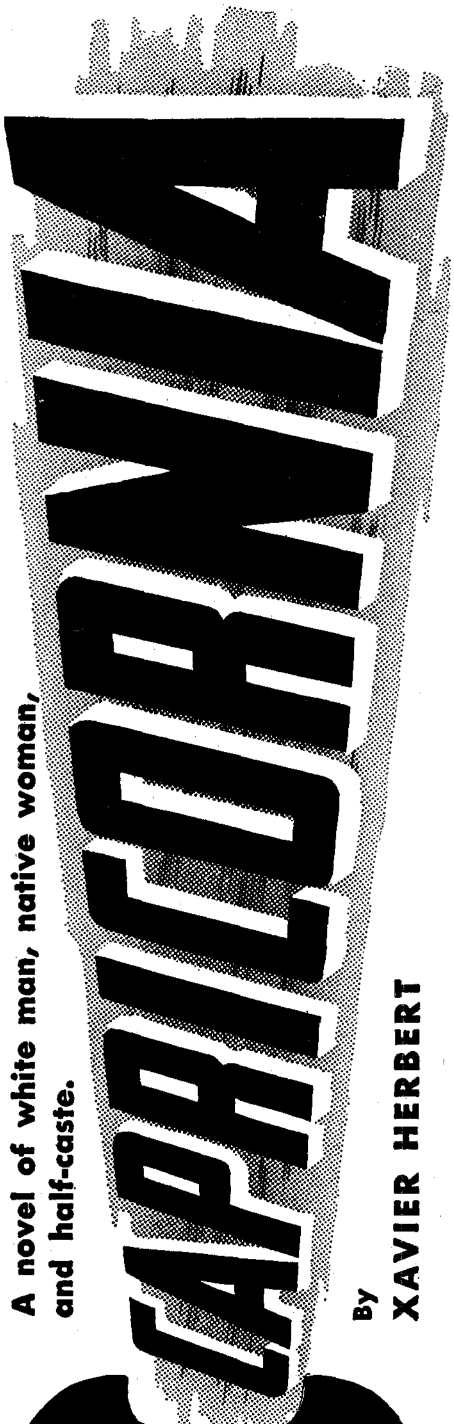
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APPLETON-CENTURY

ry revolver, "supply the final words in the sentence: Germany should cut her losses, retain enough blood and industry to resume the struggle later, and *accomplish Germany's destiny in World War III under new alliances.*"

Whatever the shortcomings of his uneven but often incisive book, which, by the way, has plenty of odd information about the secret history of our North African coup, Mr. Taylor deserves a gold medal for adding another cogent demonstration of the thesis that we are fighting Germans, not Nazis.

GRAHAM GREENE'S "The Ministry of Fear" is the most surrealist to date of all his thrillers. Ostensibly it deals with the attempts of a group of pro-German English Fascists to kill a queer, neurotic Englishman who has stumbled on a piece of information of military importance which they badly need themselves. Actually, it has no more to do with realistic politics than has "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," with whose blood-curdling atmosphere it has much in common.

Mr. Greene is admirably skilled in the elaboration of a plot so ingenious that you don't perceive till long after you have finished the book, with huge enjoyment, that its complexity is largely unnecessary.

THE publishers announce "The Lights Around the Shore" as Jerome Weidman's first "non-hardboiled novel." This it is, and it might have been a better job had it been his first non-hardboiled long short story. Mr. Weidman's unusual gifts for dialogue and wacky characterization are for the most part wasted in this long-drawn-out tale of a trip to Europe taken, for mysterious reasons, by Aunt Fini and her fifteen-year-old nephew, Peter Landor, just before the war. The explanation of these reasons runs to two hundred and seventy-nine pages and is worth about one-third that many. It is impossible for Mr. Weidman not to be entertaining and witty, but his entertainment and wit are here diluted because he has chosen the wrong form in which to enclose them.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN BART, by John Erskine. The story of Bart Penway, who was pushed out of the home nest in a small Ohio town and into seafaring life by a dominating

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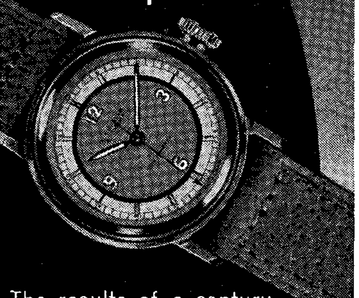

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old aunt, one of those crusty, heart-of-gold spinsters you are not supposed to be able to help loving. There are also involved a beautiful lady in a South American port—for whom Bart has a great passion—and, after a reasonable interval, their illegitimate son. All this doesn't amount to much largely because the author never seems quite certain whether the major theme of the book is the aunt's influence upon Bart, or the father-son relationship, or the weakness of the lovers who lack the courage to make the life they want. One of Mr. Erskine's not-nearly-so-good trys.

MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE, by Anne Colver. A novelized life of Mary Todd Lincoln: courting days, the early married life in Springfield, the crowded years of the war, and the quick mental deterioration after the President's death. Miss Colver tells her anecdotes neatly, but her mild and indulgent picture of the woman John Hay called a hell-cat is not to be taken too seriously.

GENERAL

MOMENT OF TRUTH, by Colonel Charles Sweeny. A famous American soldier, who commanded the first Eagle Squadron in England, gives us a blunt, hard-boiled summary of each nation's policies and resources in the war, together with some military background. He suggests that the most promising road to victory lies through Siberia, and tells why. Well worth reading. Good maps.

LOVE IN AMERICA, by David L. Cohn. Popularized notes on our love manners as revealed in the movies, advertisements, women's magazines, and so on, plus a few suggestions intended to help us to become better boys and girls. Gets about as far as you'd expect anybody to get with a subject like that in two hundred and thirty-four pages. Mr. Cohn, however, is by no means an American Stendhal, and doesn't pretend to be.

ATLAS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. James Truslow Adams, editor-in-chief; R. V. Coleman, managing editor. A first-rate, intelligently organized series of maps that make clear most of the aspects of our history in which place names are important.

THE WORLD OF THE FOUR FREEDOMS, by Sumner Welles, with a foreword by Nicholas Murray Butler. An important collection of Mr. Welles' wartime anti-isolationist speeches.

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Waldo Frank. Personal history of what the author felt to be a mission down through South America: Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, and Argentina, where Mr. Frank was insulted by Fascists. He gives an account of that adventure here. An impressive book, lyrical, warm, and penetrating, with not too much of the author's evangelical mysticism.

Short Cut to Tokyo, by Corey Ford. Informal eyewitness report from the Aleutians, including a description of the islands, an account of the first Japanese attack, stories from the airmen who have done our fighting, and so on. Readable, and some of it is news.

European Drawings: from the Collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Sixty-seven drawings, purportedly representing the cream of the museum's European collection. The reproductions are exquisitely done, but some of the selections are considerably less fortunate. Mixed in with the great names like Breughel, Rembrandt, and Goya are men of interest nowadays to no one save antiquarians and museum directors.

Rembrandt, Selected Paintings, with an introduction and notes by Professor Tancred Borenius. Another Phaidon Press book. The introduction traces interestingly Rembrandt's artistic relation to such Italian masters as Tintoretto and Caravaggio. The reproductions, though well chosen and certainly plentiful, leave a little to be desired in quality.

New Frontiers in American Painting, by Samuel M. Kootz. This is one art book which would have been better if its text had been longer. Mr. Kootz's telegraphic style somewhat confuses the reader, and a number of challenging statements about contemporary painting are unsupported by proof. Interesting, though, and with plenty of well-reproduced illustrations.

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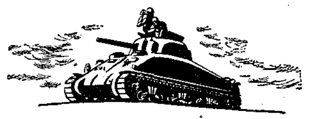
REDHEAD FROM RIO

The title of this picture is only temporary and it will probably not be released as "The Redhead From Rio," in fact "*Rio*" will not be in the final title so do not play the characters as though they are from Rio or any part of Brazil. *They are not.* When any character speaks of his or her *country* or *home* it can be *anywhere*, EXCEPT RIO.

This also releases any restriction on the *kind* of music.—*Foreword to a Columbia Pictures script.*

Gee, thanks!

TANKS!



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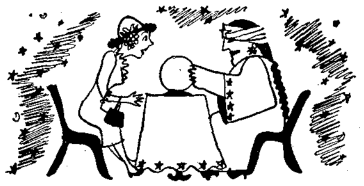

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